TWOPENCE.
Vol. LVIII.
1534.

ELECTION GRAFT SCANDAL SEE PAGE 9

# JOHN BULL

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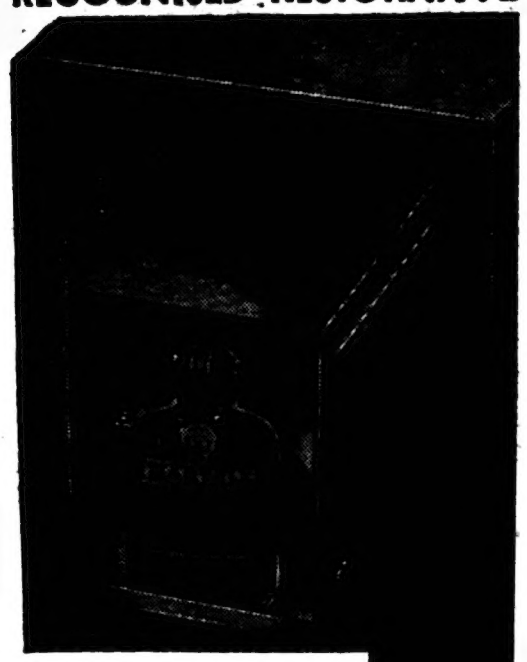

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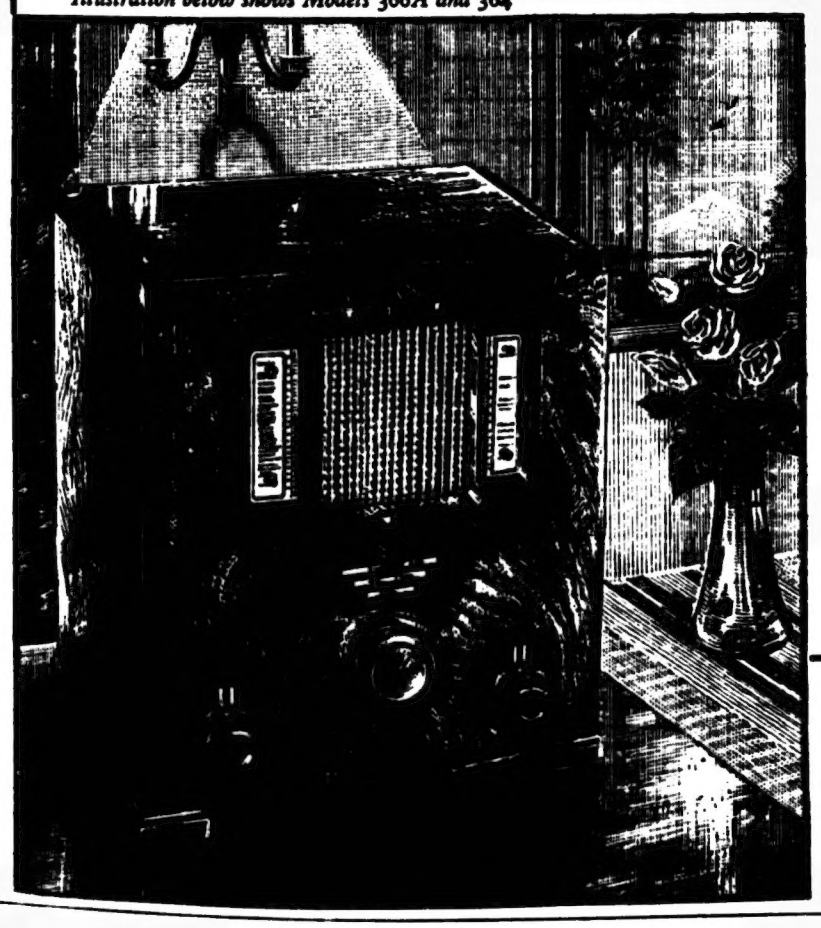
*Illustration below shows Models 366A and 364*



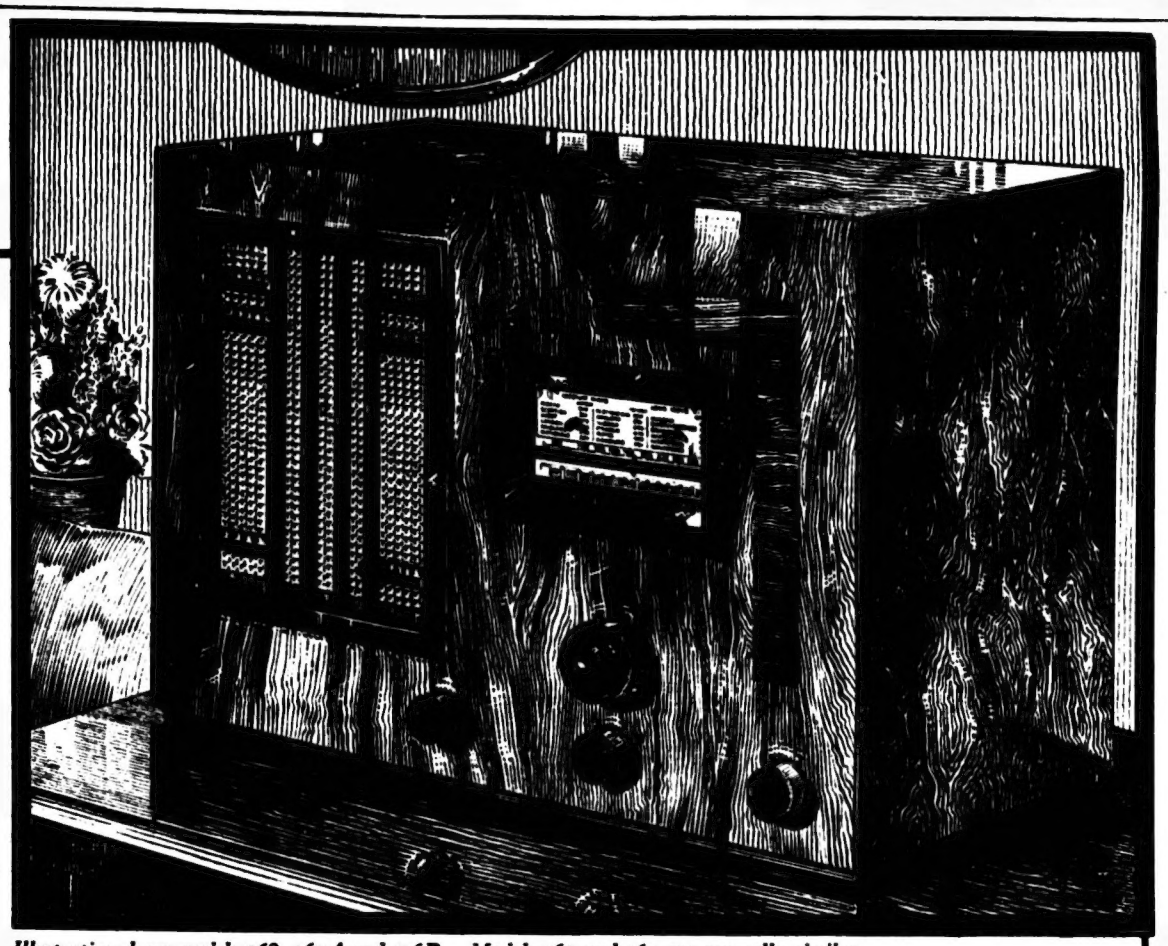


*Illustration shows models 368, 369A and 436B. Models 360 and 363 are generally similar.*

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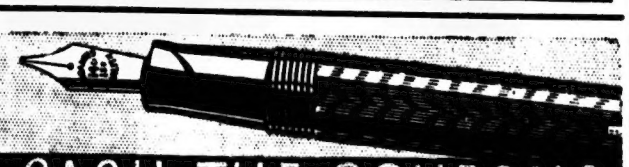

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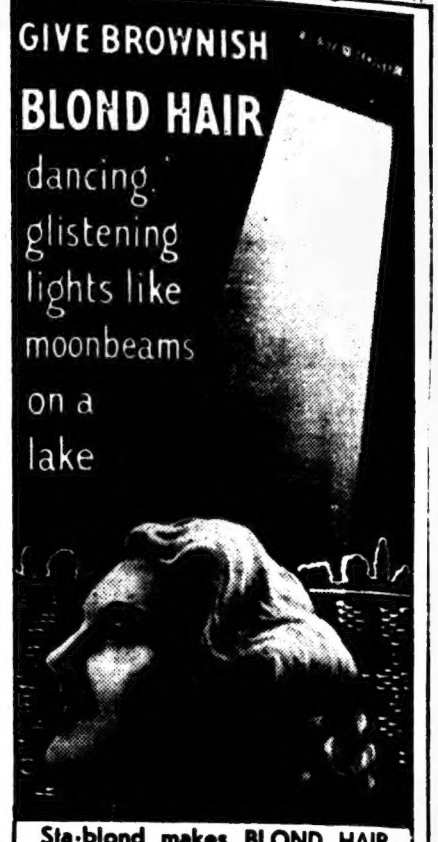

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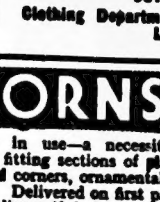


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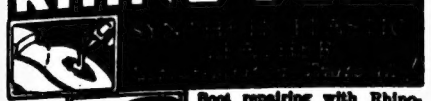

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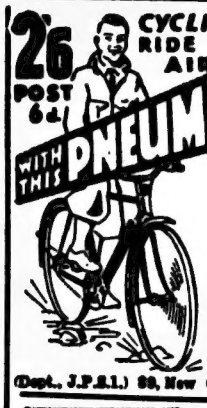

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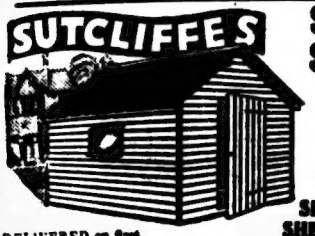

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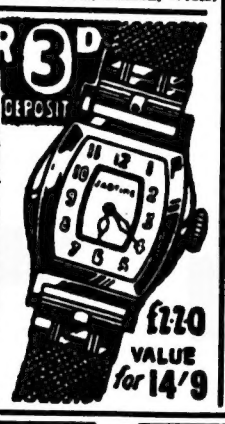

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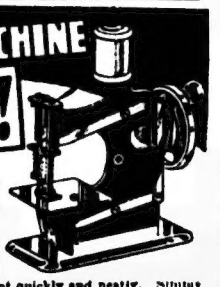

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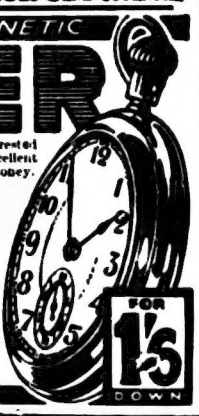

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JOHN BULL

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*Without Fear or Favour*

# ELECTION *Graft* SCANDAL

**NO aspect of present-day political electioneering is more disquieting to ordinary citizens than the causes they find to arouse suspicions that illegal methods to obtain votes are being widely used.**

Every General Election since the Great War has had an aftermath of pleas to the courts craving indulgence for candidates guilty of excessive expenditure and of election petitions against elected M.P.s who are alleged to have committed grave financial irregularities in the pursuit of votes.

Usually, the cases that thus come to light are due mainly to ignorance or negligence, and only the fringe of the veil is lifted on these occasions.

**Every political organiser is aware that corruption and illegal practices are so rife that in a great number of constituencies election agents have come to regard them as essential parts of the local vote-winning machinery. The surreptitious and concealed expenditure is certainly ingeniously used, but the effect is the same as if votes were bought outright.**

The law has made adequate—many consider it too generous—provision for every necessary outlay by a Parliamentary candidate.

Every candidate can spend up to 5d. per elector in a borough and up to 6d. in a county constituency for such purposes as clerks, messengers, printing and advertising, stationery, postage, hire of halls and the like.

EACH is also allowed an agent's fee of £50 in a borough and £75 in a county, and the candidate can, in addition, incur £100 of purely personal expenses for which he need not present a statement in detail.

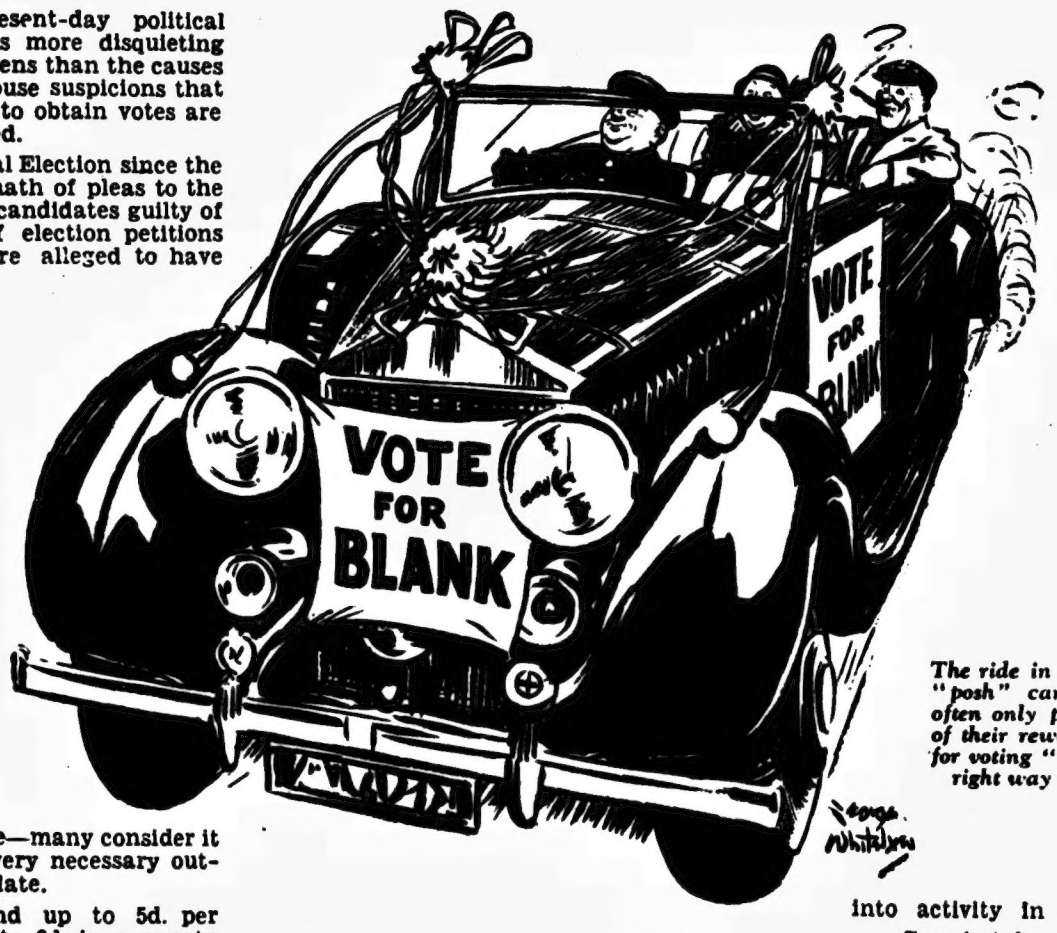
The sufficiency of these allowances will be clear from the example that in a county constituency like Romford, Essex, with 160,000 electors, three candidates could spend a total of £11,000, and triangular contests in even the smallest borough constituency of only 30,000 electors can legally cost as much as £2,300.

Many new candidates in this election have been appalled by the state of affairs they have found to exist in the constituencies.

One typical case is that of a candidate who had been less than an hour in his constituency when the agent announced that it would be necessary for him to interview privately a file of callers. The first one ushered in confided that he was the "trumpeter and bugler," and that the previous Member always paid him not less than £10 to blow trumpet and bugle calls as he passed through the streets!

He was followed by a queue of other political hangers-on, each of whom could prove that in previous elections he had been well paid for "influencing" the votes of the members of local societies, clubs and organisations of one kind or another.

**It needed the briefest examination to show that none of this expenditure had ever been disclosed in the election accounts of the past. It was illegal and criminal.**




*The ride in the "posh" car is often only part of their reward for voting "the right way"*

Election graft is so common and established that the new and conscientious candidate soon finds that he is fettered, and there is almost no escape from it. The injustice inflicted on the opposing candidate with modest personal means, or who is financed by a Party without secret funds, is flagrant.

The most commonly known offence is, of course, the breach of the law which prohibits the hiring of motor cars to convey voters to the polling stations.

Friends and supporters of a candidate can properly provide him with as much transport as they have available so long as no payment is made. It is notorious, however, that money is poured out for this service.

THE scandal has gone so far unchecked that cars and drivers are engaged from garages with impunity, but to prevent the practice being too obvious locally, precaution is taken to bring the vehicles from garages in other areas.

The hiring of transport for use on polling day has, indeed, reached such dimensions all over the country that the Labour Party has had to go the length of serving notices on garage proprietors calling attention to the legal prohibition of this device and reminding them of the severe penalties which can be enforced in the criminal courts.

But the ride in a splendid and secretly hired motor car is often only part of the reward which the wealthy candidate seeks to offer to electors for voting "the right way."

You will search the lists of officers of a local political Party in vain to find one designated "O.C. Pubs. and Clubs." One exists, however, in numerous constituencies, but the fees he receives never appear in the official election costs.

Theoretically, his job is to visit licensed premises, to listen to the conversation, and to report to the Party organisers what the man-in-the-street is saying and intends to do on polling day.

Actually, it is to ingratiate himself with people in popular public-houses and clubs, to be a generous host to them, and to ply them with liquor until he has convinced them that the candidate he represents must be their choice at the poll.

Action is to be taken in the next Parliament to suppress bogus and fraudulent charities. It should be an excellent occasion for M.P.s to pull a mote from their own eyes.

It is more than a coincidence that many public charities in this country become most active in the distribution of money, food vouchers, clothing, coal and blankets during the period of a General Election, and that one of the candidates is usually a patron or large contributor to the particular charity which bursts into activity in his district at election time.

Care is taken that the recipients of the gifts are reminded of the candidate's connection with the charity.

**Corruption of this kind is worse than the open buying of votes. It is money subscribed by the benevolent public which is used.**

DURING the present election, advertisement appeals have been printed in the newspapers for professional speakers to come to the help of candidates.

The payment of speakers during an election is forbidden, but it must not be imagined that all the thousands of professional orators now loose in the country are giving their services voluntarily. Payments to them will not be recorded, of course, but they will be rewarded just the same by excessive gifts in the guise of hospitality and entertainment.

It is the belief of political organisers to-day that elections are not won on the platform or by the radio and the printed word, but by the door-step and fireside canvasser. This has led to the appointment of large corps of the most noisome of all political creatures—the paid canvasser who sells his service and opinions to the highest bidder.

These paid political touts are illegally employed, but in the election accounts they are shown as having been engaged as clerks and messengers. Tribute has to be paid to the Labour Party for preserving the voluntary spirit in its canvassing and platform organisation.

**Sheer evasion of the statutes designed to check these and other forms of corrupt practices is so rampant that it carries its own warning to the guilty. If the process is not curbed, a scandal of the first magnitude cannot remain hidden for long!**

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

# Spying on the Englishman's Home

## A Little Poison for City Sharks

## Save Us from Our Bombs!

*If we allow the official spy to continue in business, we shall soon need frosted windows!*

ONCE, no doubt, the Englishman's home was really his castle. Now it is rapidly becoming the unhappy hunting-ground of official busybodies, intent on supervising the lives and private affairs of its ocupants.

We feel no surprise, therefore, at the allegations of petty prying that are being made in the Lancashire town of Eccles.

There, a councillor complains, officials have been peeping through the windows of corporation houses—ostensibly for the purpose of making sure that the tenants are using their gas-stoves!

### Interference

It is only fair to admit that indignant denial has been forthcoming. We are solemnly assured that the corporation officials have a very different reason for their interference with the tenants' privacy.

They are merely anxious to see that tenants are taking their meals, whenever possible, in the sunshine!

### Out of bounds

It is pleaded that the living-rooms of these council houses are designed to trap whatever sunshine reaches the industrial town of Eccles. But there is a suspicion that some families prefer to dine, not in the living-room, but in the snugly warm kitchen. Hence the visit of the official Peeping Toms.

It does not appear to have occurred to them that nothing could be more calculated to make the tenants seek the darkest corners of their homes.

### Paul Pry methods

And these Paul Pry methods, though somewhat farcical, are typical of the fatuous inquisition that is being imposed upon great numbers of decent citizens.

We confess that we view with suspicion the hordes of "welfare workers" and inspectors that local councils are appointing. We sympathise with the Manchester alderman who beseeches his council not to "give room to these social investigators who set about dissecting and vivisecting the lives of the working classes."

### Clear them out!

He is not alone in protesting against the impudent campaign of "welfare-workers" who, whether given authority by the local council or not, are determined to "supervise" the private affairs of Mr. and Mrs. John Citizen.

There have been equally strong condemnation forthcoming from public men in other parts of the country. Unfortunately, they appear to be in the minority — and the campaign of unwarrantable interference is allowed to go on.

But unless a firm stand is made against this peering and peeping nonsense, we shall soon need frosted windows in our houses.

### First step

The sort of interference we like is the letter which Mr. Chamberlain has sent to the Stock Exchange and the banks—the first letter of its kind written by a Cabinet Minister.

He calls for a check on unsound company flotations, so as to prevent the public from being fleeced. He says the Government is willing to give the names of experts who could report on the prospects of new companies.

That is one step towards the complete protection of investors that we have so long demanded—a good step. Others should follow.

### Not good enough

But we refuse to enthuse over the new Widows and Old Age Pensions and Health Insurance plan which Sir Kingsley Wood reveals.

Blackcoat workers who want to join will have to pay double contributions—both the employers' and employees' share. There is nothing in the scheme for reducing the pension age or for increasing the amount, so that industrial workers might retire earlier and make way for younger men.

### Why not?

There is much to be said, however, for the scheme proposed by the shop assistants.

They are asking all election candidates to support a Bill which would fix a 48-hour week; set up trade boards to order reasonable wages; abolish all fines and deductions. They also want right of access to the firms' books for the purpose of checking stocks.

Why shouldn't they?

### Shameful

Another question: Why shouldn't the authorities be forced to build houses for large families?

A mother and her eight children have just been ejected from their cottage at Muswell Hill and taken to the poor-house, because her home had been condemned and she couldn't find other accommodation because of her large family.

Is it beyond the mind of Authority to prevent such disgraces?

### Count fifteen

Maybe your parents advised you, when you were young, to count ten before starting a fight.

Similar advice goes to a—headmaster! Accused of striking a boy with his clenched fist and beating him with a cane, he has been told in court that before punishing a pupil in future he must count fifteen.

Amazing order—but a very sound one. The teacher or parent who punishes a child in temper is more likely to foster revolt than to encourage discipline.

### Children in clover

Still more education authorities, too, agree with our views on the dangers of excessive homework. A thousand girls in four important secondary schools, are to have their evening study curtailed.

Tottenham High School invites parents to see that its pupils do not spend longer than the allotted time on their home lessons.

The homework tyranny, like Charles II, has been an unconscionable time a-dying—but the end is at last in sight.

### On their track

And, following our attack on slum factories, something is being done about that.

An inspector tells the court at Kingswood, Gloucs, of works where the electrical equipment was dangerous and the mess-room a shack littered with rubbish and without tables, chairs or the means of heating a meal.

The firm, fined £18 in all, has no reason to think it has been badly treated.

### Mind the bombs

Now that the Air Force is being greatly expanded, must we expect more incidents like those which are alarming people on the Suffolk coast?

At Orfordness, midway between Felixstowe and Aldeburgh, the Air Ministry carries out bombing tests. The other day two shepherds saw an aeroplane swoop towards them, heard the whizzing of a bomb through the air.

They threw themselves down, and that probably saved their lives. But one of them, a seventeen-year-old lad, was wounded in the thigh.

### Lost

A military doctor arrived by 'plane to dress his wound, and he is now being treated at home. As the projectile weighed 20 lb., he is perhaps lucky that his injuries were not more serious.

Previously, a live aerial torpedo was found a little way down the coast—on the day when the local swimming club was holding its annual sports meeting.

That followed the loss of the biggest torpedo ever discharged from an aeroplane, which caused the authorities to warn shipping. They might also have warned the holiday-makers who crowded the beaches!

Is it too much to hope that they will be more vigilant in future?

### Cowardice and courage

Deplorable, too, is a story reported from Leeds. After a convivial evening in the company of two friends, a young miner fell into the river and was drowned. His companions are said to have run away without attempting a rescue or raising an alarm.

At Middlesbrough, a boy has been presented with a certificate for saving another lad at the risk of his own life. A glance at the daily newspapers proves that his type of courage is common.

If a display of cowardice does sometimes get into the news, as at Leeds, it is fortunately as rare as it is regrettable.

*The Fragrant Minute*

### GIVE DAD SOME!

*HONEY for tea! So there should be. And also for breakfast it seems to me. For lunch and for dinner, honey's a winner, the reason's clear and not hard to see!*

*A little honey (it may seem funny) works more weal than a lot of money. Sweetness in speech will often teach a sullen heart to grow quite sunny.*

*Mother, don't spread honey on bread for each little hungry curly-head, and forget to say to Daddy each day those words by which the spirit's fed.*

*A honey-sweet word when the heart is stirred (no, it's not absurd) is a tonic pill for the weary will—so don't let Dad's honey be long deferred!*

*Wilhelmina Stitch.*

*"John Bull" Copyright.*

**Wilhelmina Stitch will always be very pleased to hear from JOHN BULL readers. Address letters to her c/o The Editor, JOHN BULL.**

### Salaried wives

By a majority of more than 2 to 1, the administrative staff of the London County Council have voted against women keeping their jobs after marriage.

We agree with that verdict. Just as we believe that no man should do two jobs in these days of exceptional unemployment, so do we believe that a married woman whose husband receives a decent wage should make way for a breadwinner.

### Sane spending

Many of our rulers are content to pay lip service to the cause of child welfare. Happily, this is not the case at Sheffield.

There, plans go forward for converting a country house into a recovery school for rheumatic children, for erecting in the grounds an open-air school for other youngsters whose health demands special treatment.

### More wanted

Though rheumatism is the only disease among Sheffield children which is increasing, there have been attempts to shelve the scheme because of expense.

We are glad they are not likely to succeed

If the protection of child life is a form of extravagance, we wish it would break out in many other towns where child mortality is of even greater concern to the doctors than it is at Sheffield.

### Life and death

Mention of doctors reminds us that yet another medical man has been fined for exceeding the speed limit while on his way to a case of "life and death."

Once again, also, we are wondering why ambulances and doctors' cars cannot be equipped with a special badge that would entitle their drivers to travel fast while on urgent business—with the necessary stipulation, of course, that they should only do so on a clear road.

We should like to see an end, moreover, to the prosecutions of doctors for obstruction because they leave their cars outside their patients' houses.

### Not guilty

Incidentally, there were 366,446 motor prosecutions in the last twelve months. In only 237,109 were there convictions.

Other details are added. But we are unfortunately left in ignorance how far those 129,337 who were found not guilty had to travel to hear they had done nothing wrong.

### Heartless trick

We must report a particularly mean trick being perpetrated by a woman in the Bradford area. Arriving at a mill or workshop on pay day, she asks for the wages due to an absent employee.

As she appears to be fully acquainted with the man's illness or reasons for his absence she gets the money. Later, as you can guess, the real representative of the man arrives.

Since such tricks usually spread far beyond the district where they originate, cashiers everywhere should be on their guard.

### No connection

We have been asked by the "Investors' Guardian" newspaper to say that they are in no way connected with the Investors' Guardian Society mentioned in our article "Rogue with 1,000 Jobs" in the issue of October 26 last.

# The CRY from the Cenotaph

## by A. G. Gardiner

NEXT Monday the nation will stand silent and uncovered in memory of the day on which the Great Slaughter ended. Three days later it will go to the polls to elect a new Government.

I link the two events because they have a common motive, in spite of their outward dissimilarity. On Monday a great wave of emotion will pass through the land. On Thursday we have it in our power to translate that emotion into action.

It has been well said that "an emotion should not be exhausted in being felt." If it is sincere it should affect our life and conduct. And the emotion of Armistice Day should be with us when we go to the polling booth.

For what is the thought that underlies this commemoration? Why is it that seventeen years after the Great War it still brings together in one impressive act of reverence the whole of this nation, irrespective of creed, party or class?

And not this nation only. Wherever the English speech is spoken over the whole earth and in many countries where it is not spoken Monday's silence will be kept with the same august solemnity that will mark its observance in Whitehall, St. Paul's Churchyard, the vicinity of the Bank and in every market-place and village street of this country.

Never before has the world witnessed so universal and significant an act of worship. It was said in the early days that it was a passing emotion that would fade out with the fading memories of the war. A new generation would come to whom Armistice Day was only a legend of the past, more to be respected "in the breach than in the observance." But it has not faded out. It holds the public imagination as firmly to-day as it ever did. It has become a landmark of our national life. And its appeal is as vivid to the new generation that knew not the war as it is to the old generation that passed through its furnace.

☆ ★ ☆

And the reason is simple. Whatever the feeling from which this commemoration of November 11 sprang, the event to-day embodies something which cannot pass with the years. It sprang no doubt from mixed motives.

Those of us who remember that thrilling time seventeen years ago will know how mixed they were.

Every hour and scene of that unforgettable week-end is burnt into the memory in indelible characters—the brilliant November sunshine, the surge of expectancy that gave the Lord Mayor's Show of the Saturday a glamour it had never known before and will never know again, the suspended but glorious emotion of the Sunday and the fulfilment of Monday when we went out early into the sunlit streets, and the bells in every church tower were shouting the glad tidings, and a great joy shone in every face, and your hands grew bruised with shaking hands, and the bands played and the thoroughfares were one vast revel.

We could not disentangle our emotions then. They were too tumultuous, too confused for analysis. The long agony was over. Victory was ours. Prussian militarism was in the dust. A new world had come to birth. The war that was to end war had achieved its beneficent purpose.

☆ ★ ☆

Peace, born out of the sacrifice of ten million lives, had come back to earth, and come to stay. Humanity had learned its lesson at frightful cost.

Never again would it be scorched in the hell from which it had emerged with its millions of dead and its tens of millions of stricken. Never again! Never again! Never again! The refrain surged in every heart and fell from every tongue. Never again!

And to-day the world looks back to that ecstatic vision, defeated, disillusioned, shamed. After seventeen years "the war that was to end war" has left all the devilries of earth more rampant, more powerfully entrenched than ever.

*What does the Youth of To-day think when they see the symbol of the sacrifices made by the Youth of Yesterday—a model of the Cenotaph at the South Kensington Museum*

Europe has drifted back into an armed camp. The humanising currents of trade are frozen, and the only industry that prospers throughout Europe is that which prepares the engines of death, the battle 'plane and the cruisers, the tanks and the great guns, for the next convulsion. And we are of the company.

The League that was to bind Europe together in one mighty confederation of peace is fighting, weakened by desertion and betrayal, a desperate battle to avert the universal wreck of civilisation and the world's hopes.

And meanwhile we are all arming, arming, arming. How remote and faint echoes that "Never again!" of seventeen years ago!

It is not my purpose to attempt to fix the blame for this vast failure. The seeds were sown in a Peace that was no peace—a peace that was wicked and more insane even than wicked. It had only one redeeming feature, and that was the League and the Covenant which remain the memorial of the one man whose reputation survives the Crime of Paris.

From that original wrong all the other wrongs have followed. And to them every nation has been a party. We have all sinned, and unless we repent we are all going to be overwhelmed in a common destruction.

It is this menace, more imminent now than at any time during these seventeen fatal years, that casts its shadow over the coming Armistice Day. It is this menace, too, which gives it significance.

Whatever emotion was uppermost in our thoughts on the first Armistice Day, there is no doubt what the commemoration means to us now. It means one thing and one thing only. It means the world's passionate will to peace.

It will not be our victory over Germany which will be in our minds on Monday. It will be our defeat in the only purpose which mattered, the purpose for which the youth of this nation perished. In defeating Germany we believed that we were defeating the whole institution of war. With the idol of Prussian militarism overthrown, shattered and discredited, it seemed that the universal enemy, War, was chained and outlawed and that peace was established for ever.

That dream has gone. Armistice Day summons us not to celebrate a great victory, but to mourn a shameful defeat. It is a defeat in which, if consummated, there will be no victors, all will be vanquished and civilisation itself will perish.

And it is a defeat for which all nations had their share of responsibility and for which they should all bow their heads in the spirit of shame and penitence.

☆ ★ ☆

*We, the living, have betrayed the dead who died to deliver the world from the scourge to which they were sacrificed.*

That is the thought that should be with us on Monday when we stand bareheaded by the thousand memorials of those dead that stand in silent rebuke of us in the cities, towns and villages of our land.

But Armistice Day is not only a rebuke and an occasion for mourning. It comes also as an inspiration and a call to action. Our trust may yet be redeemed. The defeat may yet be turned to victory.

Let us highly resolve, in Lincoln's great phrase, that these dead shall not have died in vain. Let us, when the Great Silence falls upon the nation, reconsecrate ourselves to the victory of Peace for which mankind yearns and to the fulfilment of which the solemn memories of Armistice Day summon us.

Would that we could make that reconsecration without the trappings of war about us. It is as citizens we assemble to arraign the whole institution of war and the presence and prominence of the insignia of war jars and offends the occasion.

And having reconsecrated ourselves, let us carry the emotion into the polling booth. Many voices fill the air advising us how we should use our votes. I would apply only one touchstone.

☆ ★ ☆

I would give my vote to the candidate who stood most inflexibly for the cause we commemorate on Armistice Day. Let us have a House of Commons committed to peace, to devotion to the League and to the strict limitation of our armaments to our commitments under the League.

With such a Parliament this country could lead Europe out of the wilderness and make Armistice Day, not the record of a defeat, but the record of shining and enduring victory for mankind.

# GRIM DRAMA

THERE is an old French proverb: "The more things change, the more they remain the same." This, in a nutshell, puts the case of the men who will never work again in the Depressed Areas; colliers, millhands, rubber workers, engineers, shipbuilders, blast furnacemen, it is all the same; machinery is rapidly ousting the adult workers and, in many cases, a considerable proportion of the juveniles as well, from the labour market.

As I journeyed from Lancashire to Durham and the North-East Coast I found closed mills replaced by forlorn and empty warehouses, cold and abandoned blast furnaces took the place of decaying factory chimneys, and there were disused pits in every county I went into.

The Tyneside, at the first glance, is more startlingly derelict than even the South Wales coalfields or the most distressed Lancashire areas; it seemed as though everything were dead and deserted for miles together there.

When I arrived at Jarrow I was appalled at the sight of the place. As far as the eye could see there was nothing but desolation — empty docks, empty warehouses and shells of buildings that had once contained fine plant. Added to which were a few merchant boats left rotting in the river. The one sign of activity was the ferry, ploughing its way from Jarrow to the other side of the Tyne and back again.

## *They have gone*

And what of the people? They are as down and out as the wharves and warehouses.

Jarrow is probably the hardest hit of all the Tyneside towns, because it depends entirely on shipbuilding. There are 9,700 workers there, of whom more than 6,000 are unemployed, in spite of the fact that trade has improved a little during the last few months. A year ago there were 7,000, including juveniles, out of work.

The diminution in the unemployment figures is largely accounted for, however, not by an increase in jobs filled, but by the melancholy fact that a number of young people, having realised that their home town is dead, have left the area.

In 1932 the National Shipbuilding Security Co., Ltd., bought Palmers, the largest shipyard in the place, where formerly between five and six thousand men worked.

In the good old times, cruisers and other important ships were built there. Now, an undertaking has been given that no constructional work shall be done there for forty years!

So what hope is there for the people of Jarrow?—especially when one remembers that the workmen there, like their fathers and grandfathers before them, are all trained in the shipbuilding trade.

The large engineering and steelworks attached to the shipyard have also, of course, been closed, and all the plant has been bought as scrap-iron.

Unemployment has increased enormously during the last few years, but the rot actually set in when Palmers' blast furnaces closed in 1921, and 2,000 men were thrown out of work, many of whom have been unemployed ever since, and are likely to remain so for life.

I met an unhealthy looking young man whose father had been a blast furnaceman displaced in 1921. The son said, "I was bred on Poor Law: I married on Poor Law: and I suppose I shall die and be buried by the Poor Law. And, from what I can see, my children will be the same."

He was a pleasant-faced, kindly looking man, but completely apathetic, without, apparently, any interest in anything. Nothing to do, and too little food, had robbed him of every spark of vitality and life.

Indeed, I was horrified at the number of men in that state of lethargic indifference. No health, no interest, no hope; they simply do not care what happens, either to them or to anyone else.

## *Modest needs*

And who can blame them? Imagine having absolutely nothing to do, year in and year out; nothing to think about, no money to go anywhere or to do anything with; never any new clothes—just grey nothingness all the time, from morning to night, every week in the year—probably till the end of life!

I talked to a number of blast furnacemen who had been unemployed since 1921; most of them seemed resigned to their dreadful destiny of nothingness.

John J., an intelligent, middle-aged man, said to me, "Propping up a wall becomes a habit like anything else, if you do it long enough; I doubt I shouldn't know how to do a job if I got one now. And it's good wages and never a day's unemployment I had till 1921. Yes, all the lot of us; me and me Dad, and brothers, and all. Now Dad and Jim and Harry's gone, and I don't care how soon I follow them."

The spiritual desolation, and inevitable deterioration, that is now going on among such men is even more terrible than the physical want. What is even worse, hundreds of thousands of young men are growing up to know of no occupation except hanging around street corners or propping up a wall!

What is going to become of them? Are we to have a world in which numberless people are to spend their whole lives being utterly useless to themselves and the community?

Take the case of H. B. He is a Jarrow man, twenty-seven years old—bright, intelligent, desperately anxious to marry his sweetheart. His needs are small, and their fulfilment should be possible to every young man.

He only wants to earn enough money by his work, hard work if necessary, to marry the girl he loves, give her a home, and have a family of children whom he can bring up to be a credit to the country he loves.

*He will not marry on Poor Law relief*, and he has about as much chance of marrying in any other circumstances as the proverbial snowflake in hell!

H. B. has never worked, and he never will in his home town, or probably anywhere else. Already twice he has left his home, and joined — unsuccessfully — in the miserable trek of the unemployed who wander about the country, hoping and praying for those jobs which do not, in fact, exist.

Starvation drove him back, to home and Poor Law relief. Starvation and heartbreak will drive him out again, along the weary path of the work-seekers; then, almost certainly, he will be driven back again, defeated once more.

"What have I done," he said, "that I should be cursed from birth like this?"

Who will answer that question? Surely all these young people growing up, and looking to their country for a livelihood, are not simply to be abandoned to their fate!

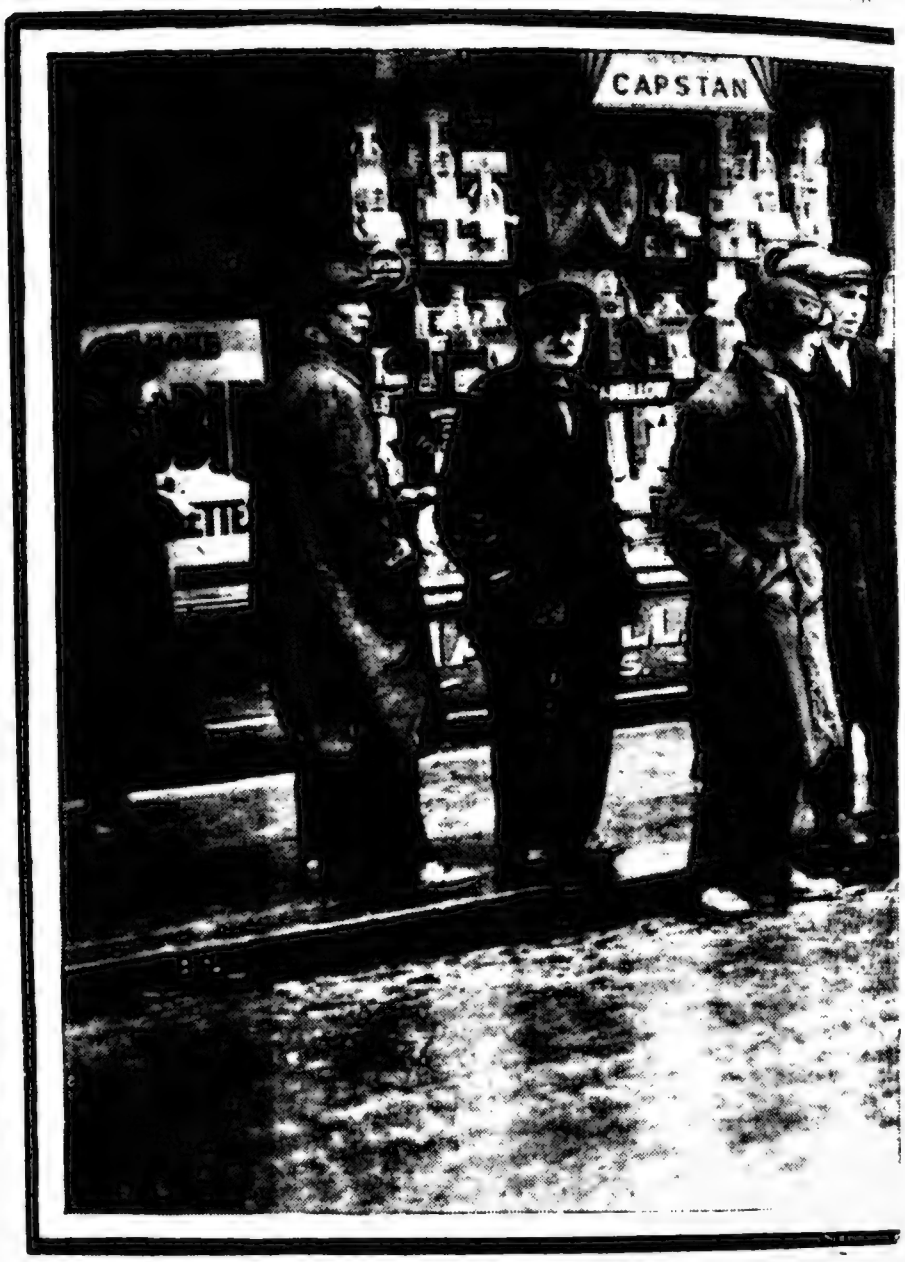
Distress in the North is by no means confined to the waterside. Practically speaking, the whole County of Durham, which is dependent on heavy industries, is in the same tragic condition of idleness as the Tyneside and the North-East Coast.

I will not tell again the story of despairing colliers and closed pits, for it is the same in every coalfield in Great Britain; I will rather deal with the unemployed in some of the other industries peculiar to the area.

## *His trade gone*

H. P., who is forty-eight years old, worked continuously in the Britannia Steel Works till 1925, when he was thrown out of work by the introduction of new machinery. He was a gas producer: that is, he was responsible for the process which procures gas from coal to heat smelting furnaces. Since the mechanisation of the work in 1925, three men are able to secure the same results as fifty men did previously.

Unfortunately, H. P. was not one of the three men who were kept on the job. He was, however, retained as a labourer for twelve months in the same works. At the end of that




*With their hearts and limbs aching for work, they are compelled instead to hang around street corners . . .*

## DECOY BARGAIN OFFERS

THE old trick of "the lady going abroad who is anxious to dispose" of her jewellery, fur coat or furniture is again being revived, and many new victims are being found.

A South London reader was recently attracted by an advertisement in a newspaper which offered, among other things, a bedroom suite which "cost twenty-five guineas" and was offered for sale at the knock-out price of £11 10s. "Excellent reason for selling," added the advertiser.

When our reader called at the advertiser's address she was met by a young woman who, with tearful expression, told how her engagement had been broken, and as a result she was disposing of furniture that had been intended for her new home.

In this case the enquirer thought it hard luck that the marriage would not take place, and as a result of a heart-to-heart talk decided to buy the furniture.

But shortly afterwards she was surprised to find that the woman whose engagement had been broken off was again advertising furniture for sale, but this time as a "lady going abroad."

We can only urge our readers to ignore these tricky advertisements of women who either have unfortunate love affairs or are going abroad every week with monotonous regularity.

# of the TYNESIDE

## In the Land of Broken Lives—3

—by—

## Barbara Ayrton Gould, J.P.

*. . "The Woman Who Saw For Herself" by visiting, as JOHN BULL'S Special Commissioner, the four great Distressed Areas—South Wales, Lancashire, Tyneside, and Clydeside—over which one of the big battles of the General Election is being fought*

time he developed a skin disease with which men in smelting furnaces are frequently afflicted.

He and his family lived on Health Insurance Benefit and Poor Law relief for a year, after which he was reported fit for work. He could not get back to his old work, and never will. His own trade no longer exists, since the work he was trained to do is all done by machinery; and labourers, for smelting furnaces, or any other job, are two a penny, and young ones, who are strong and cheap, are preferred!

Since 1927, H. P. and his family have been obliged to live on Poor Law relief, with two intervals of work for the local Corporation.

The first of these jobs was to help in the laying out of a park. After this he had a considerable period of test work on Poor Law relief, for which he did twenty-seven hours a week, road sweeping, for 29s., which was the income on which the whole family—four in number—had to live.

His second spell of Corporation work was navvying, and he found it cruelly hard after being ill-fed for so long. He was really too weak to do such hard manual labour, and the second day he collapsed at work, but managed to keep the fact from the authorities, or he would have been dismissed as unfit for the job—as indeed he was; only his determination kept him going.

After nearly six months of this he was out of work again, and has been ever since. He has been getting 32s. a week for himself and his wife and two sons; out of this he has been paying 12s. 6d. rent.

"How could you possibly all live on 19s. 6d.?" I asked him. "We couldn't," he said, "but for the bit of fiddling I do." This so-called "fiddling" is a common enough occupation among the unemployed; it means doing any odd hands' turn to earn a few coppers behind the back of the authorities—a practice into which many of the workless are forced if they are to live at all.

### No chance

H. J. was a ropemaker in Sunderland. He was one of some 450 men employed there. A few years ago machinery was introduced, which made about half the men redundant, and H. J. was one of the unlucky ones. His wages had been 37s. a week, and he, with many others, have been replaced by girls at 10s.

He is not in good health, and could not possibly do anything like heavy Corporation navvying work; and since he lives in an area where there are many unemployed miners and engineers, there is no chance of his getting work, for, of course, any odd job that was going would at once be filled by a stronger man.

His wife has been very depressed and ill since they lost their only child, a little girl of ten, two and a half years ago.

H. J. and his wife are both convinced that they could have saved her if, through a long period of slow convalescence from influenza which she had, they had been able to give her the nourishment she needed.

Since this was impossible on Poor Law relief, she became thinner and weaker daily, till she went down with pneumonia, and died in two days—from starvation? The death certificate did not say so, certainly, but that was the true story behind that death from pneumonia.

Of course, H. J. knows he will never work again; he does not even much want to *now*—he has lost all interest in life.

### Six years ago!

"Every night the missus and I pray we may not wake up any more. How I wish we had all gone together when our Nellie went!" he cried.

Pat M. was a galvaniser, and his brother Len was a wire worker. They both finished up in 1929, and there is no prospect of work again for either of them, though they are both still under thirty. And they are just two among thousands!

Some people in authority have an odd attitude towards encouraging people to try to get work.

I visited a family where there was a husband — unemployed, of course—and a wife and nine children. Several of the children were very delicate; one was tubercular, and one had mastoid trouble.

The family had been receiving 48s. a week from the Unemployment Assistance Board, out of which they paid 12s. for rent, heating and lighting, leaving 36s. for eleven people to live upon.

The man was the determined sort, and, as his wife said, "walked his feet off looking for work."

After a considerable time, he succeeded in getting work for a few weeks at 43s. This meant a drop of 5s. in the family income, since the earnings of a full week's work must not be supplemented in any way.

When his work finished, the man had to go back to assistance from the Board to keep the family going. It was then decreed by the officer in charge that they could not receive more than the man had been earning when last in work, *less* 2s.; so the family has been existing on 41s. a week!

The penalty for daring to try to *earn* a livelihood, in the case of that family, has been 7s. a week.

The condition of that home is terrible, as it is bound to be in such circumstances. It is surely not surprising that the man says he was a fool to try to work, and that no great effort is being made by the workers in the area where he lives to find employment even when it exists.

There is a great deal of talk about the workless becoming demoralised. Altogether I have seen very little of it, though they are always being forced into situations in which they need superhuman courage and morale to remain self-respecting.

And let me say straight out the honours of the situation go to the unemployed, and not to the authorities who administer the system!

There are many forms of heroism; not the least of them is that of an elderly man I will call S. K.

He has been a fitter, working with one firm for forty years, till it closed down. After that happened he lived on his unemployment benefit till it ran out, when he came under the Means Test.

### Sacrifice

The Tribunal decreed that his two married sons should keep him. They were both men with wives and young families, whom they were doing their best to keep properly on pitifully small wages.

S. K. could not persuade the authorities to grant him any allowance, and he was not eligible for Poor Law relief.

His sons could only keep him at the expense of their families going terribly short of the necessities of life.

This sacrifice S. K. was not prepared to accept: so, like many another hero, he gave his life for those he loved.

*His body was found in the river the following day.*

He was "a very gallant gentleman." All honour to him, and eternal shame upon a system that demands such terrible sacrifices!

Next Week: Clydeside

*The Human Machine*

## Learning to Live

*THERE is no substitute for Life. That is not such a cryptic saying as it sounds. It just means that, no matter how much you try to escape from life, from yourself, from the responsibilities that cluster round you because you are a human being, you must go on living.*

*Your choice is not "to live or not to live." It is "to live freely and effectively, or to live cramped and ineffectively."*

*Most of our troubles arise from the fact that we don't know how to live. We don't value at their true worth human attachments, ordinary enthusiasms and sympathies, and the sharing of ordinary interests. We don't get any satisfaction out of living. We don't consciously try to get any satisfaction out of it.*

*Instead of a natural and normal attitude towards life, we cultivate an abnormal and unnatural attitude. We blame life for the tangles that result, when what we should blame is our own misdirecting of our energies.*

*It is no good railing at Fate until we have cleared away the obstacles that block the path of immediate progress. It is no good cursing our "luck" until we have had a jolly good try to help ourselves.*

*And the secret? So simple! Just the disciplining of ourselves to make the continual necessary adjustments to changing fortune.*

*Nothing endures. Nothing remains the same. We never dip twice in the same stream.*

*Times change, and we must change with them. The more satisfactorily this adjustment is made, the more we are learning to live life aright.*

# PARK DRIVE

## also offer you

## 15's for 6d

**10 FOR 4D PLAIN OR CORK TIP (MILD) 5 FOR 2D**

Hannen Swaffer's *Open Letter to the* UNDER-SHERIFF *of* LONDON

# *Capital Punishment must GO . .*

DEAR PERCY METCALFE,—I am sorry that you were worried on the telephone by a mysterious woman who threatened to kill you, no doubt because you, as Under-Sheriff of the County of London, found it part of your duty to arrange the execution of Raymond Henry Bousquet, the Canadian boxer known as "Del Fontaine."

No doubt the woman was hysterical, and you, knowing this, did not become unduly excited, although Scotland Yard sent you a day-and-night guard.

The importance of the incident is that it is just another indication of how the public mind is being exercised, more and more, over capital punishment, which people generally are gradually beginning to understand is almost as criminal as the offence for which it is supposed to be the remedy.

You must remember that, not very long ago, executions took place in public. Charles Dickens described them and protested—good man that he was—against the scandal.

To-day, although the public no longer see—and cheer—the hanging of a man, his execution is almost as public as though it took place under their eyes.

Then there are often "scenes" outside the prison, the protests of sympathetic people, misguided perhaps, but well-meaning.

I object to capital punishment, for one reason, because its abolition would relieve people like you of a duty that must be abhorrent to any well-meaning man—every time you have to arrange a hanging, yes, and attend it.

It is a terrible and distressing business for the judge. It worries the jury, not only during the trial, but during the three weeks which intervene between the sentence and the hanging.

"Were we wrong?" they ask each other. They ask their wives and their families. "Have we made a mistake? Are we *quite* certain?"

Then there is the brutalising job of the hangman and the warders, and the dread that goes round the prison, all of whose inmates know the hour.

Besides, capital punishment is not a cure, you know.

When, in 1780, the English law recognised over 200 capital crimes, including felling a tree, stealing five shillings or robbing a rabbit-warren—then you could also be hanged for associating for a month with gipsies or for assuming the title of a Greenwich pensioner!—there was more crime than there is to-day, when education and better housing have made people more civilised and more sane. Capital punishment must go soon,

if only to prevent these hysterical scenes that take place outside the jail. When Raymond Henry Bousquet was hanged a crowd gathered outside the prison. Sandwichmen carried placards bearing the words "Stop the Death Sentence" and "Del Fontaine is Insane." The sound of hymns came from a loudspeaker van, and the police had to intervene.

Then, the very next day, when they hanged Alan James Grierson at Pentonville prison, Maxine Gann, the daughter of the woman he had murdered, sat in a motor-car outside the prison sobbing bitterly. She loved him, she said, She wanted to be near him to the end.

Meanwhile, a woman who objects to capital punishment shouted "Another man has been legally murdered."

For nearly an hour afterwards the police were busy moving on the crowds.

Yes, we have still public hangings, you see. They must end! They are making a mockery of the Law.

Jurymen will never be satisfied that they were right, till the last hour of their lives. They will still ask themselves, every now and then, "Was there some mistake made?"

If you remember, Oscar Slater was found guilty of a murder in Glasgow because he was a man who had borne a bad character. He was sentenced—and then, because of doubt, reprieved. Then for nearly twenty years he suffered cruel imprisonment. Conan Doyle went to his rescue and argued and pleaded, and then they discovered that he was not guilty, let him out and gave him a sum of money. Now Slater was very nearly hanged for a murder he did not commit. If so, how many innocent people have been hanged?

Besides, punishment is not the way to prevent crime.

Still, misunderstanding a Mosaic law—"an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth"—which Moses would be the first to revise were he alive to-day, we go on punishing when we should spend all our efforts in sweeping away the causes of crime.

Those main causes are bad housing, drink, gambling—yes, and the almost general acceptance by the community that, during a war, it is patriotic to kill somebody you don't hate. If you condone killing in war time, you cannot logically condemn it in peace time.

Each one of us, at least once in his lifetime, has hated sufficiently to kill. If his passion and the presence of a weapon and the person he hated were all found together at the same time—well, usually, that is how murder happens.

In most cases you merely hang a man because the weapon was there. In half an hour his passion would have gone.

No, my dear Under-Sheriff, it's all wrong. It's anti-Christian. It's uncivilised. It's brutal. It's cruel. It's stupid.

* * *

You may not know it, but in the Middle Ages they used to execute animals after trying them with all the dread seriousness of criminal proceedings almost exactly similar to those which obtain to-day

If a sow ate a baby which had been left lying about on the ground the sow was tried by a judge with the bishops standing beside him! Then the poor sow was executed. No one told the mother not to leave her baby lying about

They were not much more unenlightened than we are to-day. They took it all quite as seriously as we take, to-day, the arrest of some poor wretch, his appearance in the police court, his remand, his trial, his sentence, his long-dreaded three weeks of waiting, and then his execution in the presence of a Christian minister who, even before he is dead, begins to recite the Burial Service!

How silly it all is! Capital punishment must go!

## CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

**Mrs. STANLEY BALDWIN,**
***10, Downing Street***

DEAR MRS. BALDWIN,—You are inviting applications for two-guinea tickets for a Bridge ball to be held in a West End hotel on December 5. The ball, of which you are chairman, is in aid of the Safer Motherhood Appeal for the extension of maternity services.

I have often applauded your efforts on behalf of poor mothers, but don't you think that to have to raise funds from charity to fight our scandalous infant mortality is a national disgrace?

JOHN BULL.

**Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL: German newspaper calls you the Goering of Britain. But you'll have to exchange funny hats for uniforms.—JOHN BULL.**

**Provost A. C. E. JARVIS,**
***Archdeacon of Sheffield***

REV SIR,—Family life is certainly the foundation of the State, as you say when advocating that the Church should stand firm against any amendment of the marriage laws.

But surely not the sort of family life represented by two people living together in hatred, a woman tied to a hopeless drunkard, and similar horrors I could mention!

JOHN BULL.

**Hon. HUMPHREY PAKINGTON,**
***President, Architectural Association***

DEAR SIR,—I don't agree with the many people who think modern architects are crazy. But you visualise the village of the future as a two- or three-storied block with the store, post office and church on the ground floor with flats above.

If you haven't forgotten that country dwellers insist on having gardens, perhaps you will say where they will be situated. On the window-sills?

JOHN BULL.

**Rev. H. REEDER,**
***Tottington, Lincs***

REV. SIR,—Refusing one political Party the use of your church school for election purposes, you have the added temerity to make known that the other side can have it.

You may have the care of souls in your parish, but I fail to see why you should have the control of political beliefs and institutions.

JOHN BULL.

**Mr. JUSTICE DU PARCQ: Standard of behaviour among unemployed "makes one proud of one's fellow-citizens," you say. And proud of Britain's iron patience.—JOHN BULL.**

**Lord HEWART,**
***Lord Chief Justice***

DEAR LORD HEWART,—Again you are in the news for criticising those who administer the law badly.

Having told the justices of Market Bosworth Petty Sessional Division that their conduct of a case "reached the high water-mark of irregularity," you have ordered them to pay the costs of an appeal made by a motorist whom they had fined on a charge of dangerous driving. It's a safe guess that they will remember your words for a very long time.

JOHN BULL.

**Councillor M. CHRISTOPHER,**
***Mayor of Wolverhampton***

DEAR MR. MAYOR,—Though you had to rebuke members of the public for their applause at a council meeting, I am sure neither you nor your colleagues were really annoyed.

For your visitors were mostly blind folk who came to welcome your decision to increase the allowance of needy blind people from £1 to 25s. a week.

I don't suppose parting with the ratepayers' money ever gave you—or the ratepayers—greater satisfaction.

JOHN BULL.

**Mr. J. G. HEAD,**
***Auctioneers' Institute, London***

DEAR SIR,—You report that a certain moderately sized room in the City commands a rent of £2,000; you add that some business men are so conservative that they continue to pay high rent though they could obtain cheaper accommodation a few yards down the street.

I have sometimes accused City men of folly in particular circumstances, but you almost persuade me that they are foolish all the time.

JOHN BULL.

**Bailie Mrs. JOHNSTONE,**
***Laurencekirk, Kincardine***

DEAR MADAM,—Since the village of Luthermuir has no proper drainage system or water supply, I am not surprised that it has been the scene of a scarlet fever epidemic.

I am glad to learn that these conditions do not apply to your town of Laurencekirk; I should be still more relieved if the county authorities remedied the village disgraces you have exposed.

JOHN BULL.

**LORD BADEN-POWELL: In few weeks total of Boy Scouts in the world will reach 2,500,000. And you're still world's best recruiting-agent.—JOHN BULL.**

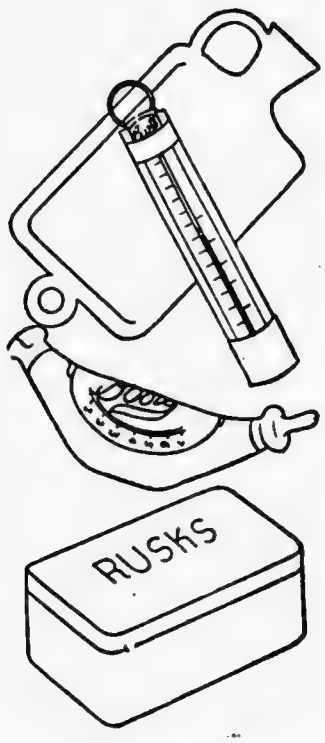
**Sheriff MALCOLM,**
***Dundee***

DEAR SHERIFF,—I quite understand your reluctance to disqualify drunken drivers when it entails depriving them of their livelihood.

But to discriminate in their favour would not only be unfair to other motorists and the public generally, but might lead other professional drivers to imagine they were privileged.

The more the driver has to lose the greater the reason why he should remain sober.

JOHN BULL.




# The Boots Chemists

would remind you that however young you may be they are constantly at your service. Your soap and your sponge, your bibs and your rusks, your powders, puffs and all the essentials of your toilet—these are Boots special concern. And should you require medicine you can again rely on Boots to ensure the peace of mind of those who are your elders if not your betters.

Boots Pure Drug Co. Ltd., Nottingham.

CV8—69

# BANKRUPT *Jack-of-All* TRADES

TRULY remarkable is the range of interests associated with the career of a busy individual named Captain Nelson Miles, alias Myles, who for some considerable time has operated extensively from various addresses in London and on the South Coast.

The numerous enterprises of this man have progressed from legal studies to dealings in diamonds and precious stones, and from dubious company promotions to gambling coups of the most reckless nature.

Miles—or, to give him his full name, John Nelson René Robert Ramage Miles—who has not come under our notice before, landed in this country from the Straits Settlements some years ago.

## Gifted tongue

We recently got on to his track as the result of an enquiry we received from a woman reader who, attracted by an advertisement in a provincial paper, interviewed him subsequently at an office.

Miles there impressed this lady that he was an expert property dealer, estate agent and financier, and he prophesied that, in return for a substantial investment, he would provide her with handsome financial returns.

According to his glowing representations, her investment would be used judiciously by him in connection with a modern and luxurious hairdressing establishment he said he was shortly opening. His assertive mannerisms and gifted tongue all but convinced the woman that he was a man of outstanding stability.

But, as the amount involved was all she possessed, and ran into three figures, she was wise enough before finally parting with her money to make a few enquiries about him.

From facts we have since unearthed there is little doubt that had she not done so she would have shared the fate of many other people and lost every penny of her savings.

## Disillusion

Until quite recently Miles was the leading light of a concern called H.I.M. Estates, Limited, which had offices in certain South Coast towns, and was formed to deal in real estate and the purchase of property.

A typical instance of his activities may be taken from the experience of a woman who got in touch with him, also through an advertisement.

It so happened that she had a little capital available at the time, and, after meeting the suave and impressive Captain at one of his offices, she gave him money for investment.

She was rapidly disillusioned.

Several other people have been imposed upon in the same sort of fashion, and more than one of his victims in this respect are women who have found him, though not exactly handsome, very charming indeed, *for a time*.

All his stories about prosperous deals have proved disastrous to most of the people whom, on one pretext or another he has induced to hand him money for investment.

One man has suffered heavily over a concern Miles once opened as a country club. Miles told this dupe that he could make the venture an outstanding success beyond all doubt, and that he had also succeeded in getting numerous people of importance interested in it. Obtaining furniture and other goods, including wines and spirits, on credit terms, he duly opened up.

A lawyer was consulted shortly afterwards with regard to certain agreements drawn up in connection with this club, which in the end was raided.

Miles has since then, in regard to his association with this venture, made some statements which seem to require the fullest investigation.

One was to the effect that he was turned out of the club wrongly, and certain of his property taken from a safe there while he was at home indisposed.

*Capt. Miles claims to be able to make swift and profitable deals; but his dupes soon discover otherwise*

In another instance this engaging individual went into partnership with a retired schoolmaster to open a café at St. Leonards.

Several hundreds of pounds were raised by Miles, and great things were expected as the result. But the affair ended ingloriously, and the partnership with the retired schoolmaster lasted just a month or two.

Another of his many victims is an elderly man who was led to believe that Miles possessed a knack for making quick profits through the sale of valuable jewellery in what he called "quick deals."

There is apparently no limit to the flamboyant nature of some of the stories Miles has unfolded to certain victims. One of the most astonishing is that he has acted as secretary to a famous countess, for whom he has carried out some mammoth financial deals.

Similarly, in other bursts of confidence, Miles has told some people that he acted until recently as personal secretary to a world-famed millionaire.

Apart from jewellery, Miles has often turned to deals in expensive furs, and has obtained financial support, for their purchase and sale, through similar means.

The limits to which this charming individual is willing to go to further his ends may be gauged from the manner in which he recently tried to wriggle out of a nasty situation in which he found himself over some deals in furs and other goods.

When asked, during certain court proceedings of a civil character, what had happened to certain valuables which, traced to his possession, had disappeared, he accused two of his erstwhile employes of having stolen them.

On one occasion Miles cropped up in another light. He became concerned with several people in a film-investment company which proposed to place on the market a number of valuable inventions. Miles hoped to make a good deal out of some of these, but finished up in a London prison.

In one venture he was an associate of William Holden, another notorious financier who recently disappeared from offices in the City of London following a series of frauds perpetrated therein the aliases of the Enterprise Trust and Napier, Ward, West and Company, Limited.

Both were two of many ramps about which the police have received complaints and respecting which—following exclusive exposures in JOHN BULL—proceedings will be taken shortly.

It is not surprising, in view of disclosures of this kind, ranging as they do from deals in jewellery to café, club, hairdressing, gambling and other enterprises, to find that Miles has more than once been the subject of complaint to the police.

At another stage in his crowded career Captain Miles, as he likes to call himself when he grows tired of his pose as a confidant of a countess and a millionaire, took over the affairs of an estate business which was in difficulties, in the guise of a financier who would soon get it permanently stabilised.

In his usual happy-go-lucky fashion he steered it into still graver difficulties—with new investors and creditors to the fore!—and then just casually vanished when the police grew interested in his operations.

We counsel anybody who crosses his path to give him a wide berth, no matter how golden his prophecies, or how alluring or prophetic he may be.

# Brightness Again

NIGHT-TIME in London. Through the patchwork of light and shadows of Commercial Road, E., stole a man who preferred the darkness to the light.

A burglar. . . . He had the fruits of the nocturnal mission he had just completed on him as he walked: jewels that some family was going to miss terribly.

No, they were not of fabulous value. No newspaper headlines were going to describe the extent of the haul. Just prized presents, treasured gifts, but as valuable to the people who owned them as any tiara to a duchess.

* * *

With morning came discovery. The shock of knowing that such an unwelcome marauder had profaned the sanctity of the home was bad enough. Worse was that extended search that slowly yielded information that every bright, glittering little article of personal adornment was missing.

Yet that dismayed family was soon smiling again—thanks to the foresight of the householder in filling up the form that is reprinted for your benefit on page 4, and thus qualifying for the protection of JOHN BULL's unique free insurance scheme.

We sent a cheque, representing the benefit payable for the theft of jewellery under such circumstances, plus the bonus which goes to readers who have been registered for three months or more.

"A gift from heaven," said the warm letter of gratitude in which the money was acknowledged. That, perhaps, is now it must seem to people who get such help just when they need it most. You, too, may have the same feeling of thankfulness and relief if you fill up that form on page 4.

## It's a Secret!

Until next week, when JOHN BULL announces its thrilling Christmas surprise. It is brighter and better than ever. Look out next week and tell your friends to look out, too.

R123

*"Tells you in time the time to recharge"*

# Exide

## 'INDICATOR'

### RADIO BATTERY

*"Still keeps going when the rest have stopped"*

DTG-C, 20 amp. hrs., 5/-. DFG-C, 45 amp. hrs., 9/-.
DMG-C, 70 amp. hrs., 12/-. DHG-C, 100 amp. hrs., 15/6.

On Nov. 11, Remembrance Day, please give generously.

For wireless H.T. get **Drydex** the Exide dry battery

*Obtainable from Exide Service Stations and all reputable dealers.*
EXIDE BATTERIES, Exide Works, Clifton Junction, near Manchester.
*Branches: London, Manchester, Birmingham, Bristol, Glasgow, Dublin and Belfast.*

# I CAN *See* THE DIFFERENCE
# AND *Taste* IT TOO !

● Eyes and palate are quick to perceive that Shredded Wheat *is* unique amongst Breakfast Foods. It is the ONLY wheat food which is "Shredded" and this important fact gives the key to every essential difference. Shredded Wheat's greater health value and palate appeal, its extreme lightness and digestibility and its all-round economy in use, are all due to this original process which transforms Nature's precious yield of whole wheat into crisp, golden shreds of vital sustenance. No wonder Shredded Wheat is so popular in a million homes to-day. No wonder the modern housewife regards Shredded Wheat as an item of first importance on her shopping list, when she can safeguard the family health and the family exchequer so happily. Delicious with milk or cream alone, or served in a variety of tempting ways, Shredded Wheat stands alone amongst cereals—a 100% nourishing, appetising, economical food.

# SHREDDED WHEAT

*Everybody's Everyday Health Food*

MADE BY THE SHREDDED WHEAT CO. LTD., WELWYN GARDEN CITY, HERTS.

## THEIR DARK DAY OF REMEMBRANCE . .

# 'Old Contemptibles' LEFT to STARVE

ONCE again towns and villages are being hushed in the great Armistice Day silence as a tribute to those legions who gave their lives in the war.

But behind it all there is a tragic army of "Old Contemptibles," who though they escaped with their lives are now living under conditions which prove that Peace also brings its horrors, not the least being protracted unemployment.

There are in London alone 275 survivors of Mons, who are "down and out." Men who are between the ages of forty-five and fifty are now faced with the battle against poverty which comes with unemployment.

This tragic army of "forgotten men" who were among the first to experience the horrors of the mud and blood on Flanders field, have now been reduced to despair.

Their wives and children are the victims of circumstances over which they have no control. They are the victims of war's aftermath; casualties in the great peace.

Mr. W. T. Goodman, of 54, Ashburton Grove, Holloway, London, who is chairman of the London Area of the Old Contemptibles' Association, is a war veteran who has given much of his spare time and sacrificed a great deal in an attempt to find jobs for old comrades who have become "forgotten men."

"Our concern has not been with charity," Mr. W. T. Goodman declares. "I have tried in my small way to find jobs for these 'Old Contemptibles' who are experiencing hard times.

"The worst cases are those of men with families who through no fault of their own have become victims of unemployment. Hope has gone out of their eyes and despair is in their hearts."

With the idea of getting down to facts a JOHN BULL representative has investigated a number of typical cases of "Old Contemptibles" who are fighting a losing battle against adversity.

At Mitcham there is a six-foot ex-soldier still squaring his shoulders, though his face is pinched and haggard. He has a wife and four children under sixteen years of age. This man is a labourer with a good knowledge of sanitary engineering and fitting.

### Elusive jobs

During many weary months he has tramped from one end of London to the other in search of the elusive job of work.

The income of the family is 34s. a week unemployment pay, out of which 20s. goes every week in rent. A high rental, but this man finds difficulty in getting cheaper living accommodation because of his four children.

So the family of six tries to live on the remaining 14s. a week! Little wonder that this man and others like him think bitterly of the days when they were lauded everywhere and made sacrifices untold in defence of "a land fit for heroes."

*Poorly clad, under-nourished, unwanted . . . a portrait that symbolises the plight of so many "Old Contemptibles"*

"So far as I am concerned," he says, "I would just as soon pack my kit and be sent off to Abyssinia—it would at least be better than walking the streets looking for a job that no one will give me."

The next visit was to a war veteran of forty-two years of age, who is now compelled by force of circumstances to live in a doss-house in Blackfriars Road, London, at the rate of 5d. a night.

In 1914 he left Aldershot for France with "C" Company, "Prince Louis of Battenberg's Platoon." He fought at Mons, the Marne and the Aisne and was wounded on September 16, 1914.

By January, 1915, he was back in the line again. Four months later he was blown up with a mine and buried. Back to the Base hospital and, after convalescence, "up the line" again, this time to get a "Blighty" one which ended in his being discharged with "war wounds" in 1916.

For a time he had a pension of 18s. 6d. a week, which was reduced to 5s. 6d., and eventually ceased. Then followed a few years of employment, but lately this ex-Service man has known the misery of walking London streets without a home to go to.

Recently he obtained work carrying sandwich boards advertising a palmist, from 10 a.m. to 8 p.m., for 3s. a day!

It is that or nothing—"a form of slow starvation and misery," is his grim comment. "I am not moaning or asking for charity, all I want is a job and a fair living. My age is forty-two and I am in the prime of life. My brains and my body are for sale to any employer, but no one seems to want me!

"All I can get, and that only occasionally, is the job of carrying sandwich boards. Recently I was stationed outside a kinema where they were showing a film called 'Forgotten Men.' Yes, it is pretty grim!"

Not surprising that there was bitterness in the voice of this "Old Contemptible," who in far-off days had shouldered a haversack, and now shoulders sandwich boards in slow and melancholy procession along London streets with a searching wind finding weak places in his threadbare clothing.

In almost every district in London and the provinces are to be found similar cases of hardship and long-drawn-out misery.

Children who, owing to poverty, are underfed and undernourished, and worried wives who try to smile, hanging on to the faint hope that "things will be better soon," like drowning persons clutching at straws.

### Daily tramp

There is a musician walking the streets in a last desperate effort to find work. He is a married man and his home in Stepney is poverty-stricken. This old soldier joined the Army as a band boy and served for fourteen years. He, too, is on the scrap heap although he is only forty-six years old.

A skilled musician, but he would take a job as a porter, messenger, or odd-job man, in fact, work of any kind. Daily he tramps the streets looking for work, and returning home to his wife with that dreadful answer to her enquiring look—"No luck, old girl!"

So, from case to case, it is a story of the heart-breaking misery as a reward for service and sacrifice.

The anniversary of Armistice Day is a fitting opportunity for remembering the plight of our tragic army of "Old Contemptibles" who have become "Forgotten Men."

## NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

# Tons of Money

If hooters were banned and alarm clocks taboo,
What a beautiful world this would be!
If breakfast in bed was for me and for you
Not merely a Sabbath-day spree,
If life could be lived in a leisurely way,
And when we resolved to cut work for the day
Our absence did not imply absence of pay—
What a beautiful world this would be!

If banks all their silly formalities banned,
What a beautiful world this would be;
If cash could be promptly obtained on demand,
The system, I think, would suit me!
If Dr. John Brinkley, of far U.S.A.,
Would come to this country and show us the way
To prosper while loafing like lords ev'ry day—
What a beautiful world this would be!

But, alas! Dr. Brinkley is not likely to visit us, as he is standing for the Presidency. And, without knowing the names or weights of other runners, I tip that, on form at a glance, he should romp into the White House in a canter.

For Dr. Brinkley is offering a programme for which not alone America has long felt a need. "Nobody," as he finely puts it, "should work. Give the people all the money they want. That is my slogan."

May we add that it is also ours? In fact, several of us may claim to have thought of the idea before Dr. Brinkley, only the ignoble demands of work prevented us from working it out in detail.

The doctor, however, has done this. He proposes that there should be "a small mint" in every post office, which would be kept supplied with "token money," available on demand to all citizens.

How is it that our own Postmaster-General, who has resorted to sundry devices in an effort to popularise his department, has never thought of this admirable scheme?

Let us hope that he will now go one better, and arrange that post office customers will not have to queue up for token money, but that it will be sent in plain vans, together with a free insurance policy and booklets giving details of pleasure cruises and champagne vintages. Really, it seems passing strange that none of the candidates now wooing us so strenuously has hit on the bright idea of placing a twenty-four-hours loafing-day in the forefront of his programme.

They're spouting all over the land
And promising what they will do,
Those candidates, humble or grand,
Who seek coy electors to woo;
They say they'll demolish
The slums and abolish
All war and all armaments, too!

But few of their promises thrill
Or, like Dr. Brinkley's, inspire
The thought that we all of us will
From work very shortly retire,
And fill up our pockets
By filling in dockets
For any loose cash we require!

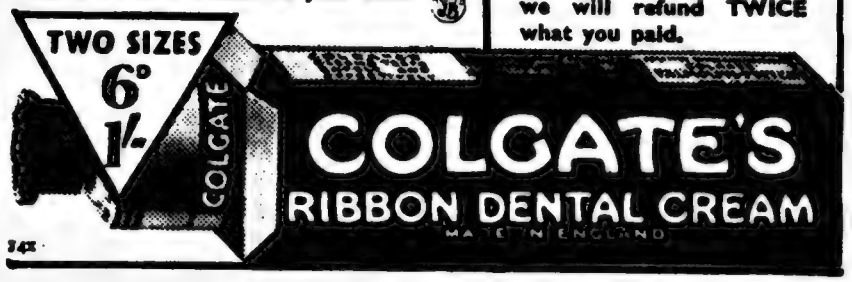
Unemployment, M.P.s by the score
Will promise to cure in their sleep;
So why not give one promise more,
While wading in pledges knee-deep,
That, for our enjoyment,
They'll stamp out *employment*—
And promise *this* promise to keep!

One Tube did it

FOR YOU TOO
CLEANER BRIGHTER TEETH
or DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK

Colgate's is a double action toothpaste. That's why it completely removes the *seven kinds of stains* left on the teeth by the things you eat and drink and smoke. First, Colgate's *emulsive* action loosens and washes away many of the stains, penetrating to the tiniest crevices. Second, Colgate's *polishing* action gently and safely polishes away the more stubborn stains. Natural brilliance is quickly restored. Why not prove to yourself, at our risk, the difference these two cleansing actions can make in the lustre of your teeth.

Buy a tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. Use it twice a day. When it's all used up, if you don't admit that your teeth are cleaner, brighter than ever before, send the empty tube to Colgate's, Ranelagh Road, London, S.W.1 and we will refund TWICE what you paid.




ANOTHER £10 MUST BE WON!

*Write a fourth line for this rhyme in the space above and win a substantial money prize.*

Every week Zubes offer £10 for an original last line to a rhyme. Here is a new one . . . have a go at it . . . all you have to do is to fill in the last line in the space indicated and send it, together with your name and address to ZUBES RHYMES, Messrs. F. W. Hampshire & Co., Ltd., Derby (Comp.), enclosing the wax paper disc from a Zubes tin, or one of the bags in which Zubes are sold loose. £10 will be awarded the best last line. The judges' decision is final. Closing date November 16th; look for competition No. 4 in this paper next week. If you haven't won a tenner yet, now's your chance. And if you haven't tried Zubes—you've never known such wonderful winter throat comfort. Get freedom from huskiness and hoarseness—

GO-SUCK A ZUBE
ZUBES
Zubes are best for Throat & Chest
In flat tins 3d. & 6d.
Loose 2½d. per ounce

Miles Safer!
Miles Brighter!

Miles Better!

Safety Lamp with chromium-plated hood and unique top-light throwing safety beams in 3 directions. Best Lamp at its price. Uses 3-volt battery.
*Obtainable at all good class cycle agents.*
2/11

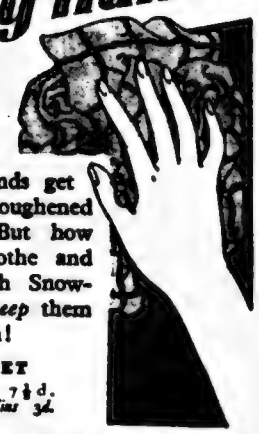
24-PAGE BOOKLET packed with interesting information every cyclist should know. Write TO-DAY—IT'S FREE!

DE-LUXE MODEL. The original dim-and-bright electric headlamp. Cat's-eye top-light and green side lights. 30 hours' brilliant light from 3 pocket batteries.
5/11

PIFCO, LTD. Shudehill, Manchester.
*London Office*—150 Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2

PIFCO ELECTRIC CYCLE LAMPS

Winter's hard on
Busy Hands



How quickly hands get reddened and roughened by housework! But how easy it is to soothe and smooth them with Snowfire Tablet and *keep* them free from blemish!

3d. TABLET
Family Size 7½d.
*Soft Snowfire in Tins 3d.*

SNOWFIRE TABLET
*Softens and soothes*

£950 WON IN "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 326

In the above Competition, solutions containing one error were received from the following nine competitors, who share the £950 offered :—

Mrs. C. M. Paynes, 122, Fielding Road, Bedford Park W.4; C. W. Hall, 3, Cemetery Road, Market Drayton; Mrs. M. E. Hart, 19, Moor Street; Clayton-le-Moors, Accrington; P. Morris, Birchfields Road, Manchester, 13; J. Mulligan, 45, High Street, Warwick; Miss W. Phillips, Hollymoor Hospital, Northfield, Birmingham; N. E. Warland, 57, Lumsden Avenue, Southampton; Mrs. L. Westlake, Lemon Grove, Whitehill, Bordon, Hants; Miss A. White, 115, Dalyell Road, Stockwell, S.W.9.

Subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £94 8s. 11d. and a Giant Xmas Hamper will be sent to each of them.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, November 19, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 107 competitors from whom we received solutions containing two errors and who will each receive 18s. 9d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

Surprise Awards were won by 646 competitors who submitted solutions containing three errors.

BONUS WINNERS IN CROSSWORD No. 324: Thirty-one competitors qualified to share the extra £400 offered and payments of £12 18s. 1d. have been despatched.

Turn to page 44 now for full details of "John Bull's" Crossword Offer this week, with splendid must-be-won cash prizes.


BEFORE BREAKFAST

Get the Mackenzie daily health habit. Keep a bottle in your Bathroom. Use on rising and at bed-time and keep FIT.
Price 1'6
Also in handbag size, with screw top, 1'3.
Sold everywhere.

& BEFORE BED

For Colds, Influenza, Catarrh, Headache, etc

Good Cooks use
BORWICK'S
BAKING POWDER
AND INSIST ON GETTING IT

# His Most Bogus Highness

## *Impostor who is*

## PRINCE DUKE BARON COUNT!

*Weekly Informations from Sir Wyndham Childs*

A MOST extraordinary story of deception lies behind the recent prosecution and conviction at a North London Police Court of an individual described as the "Duke of Saxe-Noricum"—in private life, Mr. H. G. de Wilmott Newman, of New Southgate, Middlesex.

There are a number of other high-sounding titles to which Mr. Wilmott Newman lays claim.

If he is to be believed, he is not only the "Duke of Saxe-Noricum in Corinthia," but also "a Prince of the Holy Roman Empire, Knight of the Austrian Order of the Golden Fleece, Grand Chevalier of the Order of St. Louise, and Military Knight of the Royal Order of Piast of Poland."

Mr. Newman certainly carried an air of romance and distinction into the court where he appeared to answer a number of charges brought by the London Passenger Transport Board, for having aided and abetted a woman in travelling on the railway without paying her proper fare.

The prosecution itself was of a somewhat insignificant character, one of several hundred cases brought in the course of every average year; the only feature marking it being the decision of the woman concerned to go to jail rather than pay the fine that was imposed upon her.

### Simple case

Found guilty on each of five charges, the "Duke" elected to pay the fine that was inflicted upon himself, though the lady was removed to Holloway Jail, where she remained until the necessary money was forthcoming.

The ducal gallantry of Mr. Wilmott Newman might have prompted him to put his hand into his pocket to save his fiancée from the fate into which he had doubtlessly inveigled her, but she preferred to go to prison "as a protest," though she could quite well have paid the fine herself. The case before the magistrates was a simple one.

It was found that by means of penny tickets at either end of a long railway journey, the "Duke" and his fiancée had travelled across London.

One result of the conviction of "Mr. Wilmott Newman" is that he has been called upon to resign from certain political appointments in North London.

On the one hand, from the chairmanship of the Bowes Park and New Southgate Conservative Association, and on the other from the Executive Committee of the Wood Green Parliamentary Division.

His aspirations to honours in the local council chamber have likewise vanished into thin air.

### His pretensions

But few of his pretensions have been so far revealed.

According to himself—again, he is "His Most Serene Highness," and "the Most Illustrious and Noble Monseigneur" the Margrave of Ardath, Count Neuman of Austria, Baron Wilmott of Hungary.

In certain commercial circles wherein he moves he is also a self-styled "legal adviser," and a "certified public secretary and accountant."

In the course of the police court hearing, Willmott Newman admitted that he had acted in the place of a solicitor in at least one legal case.

It was on the strength of his titles and pretensions that he was climbing to political power and responsibility, and becoming something of a local celebrity. He has completely duped a whole district with his masquerades.

He is a plausible and impertinent impostor, who has never at any time lost an opportunity of affording himself publicity in one guise or another.

The titles he uses are both absurd and fictitious. There is no such "illustrious" personage as the "Duke of Saxe-Noricum." The nom-de-plume of "Margrave of Ardath" is ridiculous.

### Not known

Not one of the titles used by Wilmott Newman is known to the British Foreign Office. The Almanac de Gotha, in which are to be found the names of members of the foreign nobility and their remotest relatives, contains no mention of the distinctions boasted by him.

An enquiry made at the Austrian Legation discloses that neither Count Neuman nor Baron Wilmott is a recognised title.

It is indeed an extraordinary state of affairs when an adventurer can make capital from such a series of flagrant impostures.

For Wilmott Newman *is* an adventurer, and it is within my knowledge that he has continued to pose before the public as a nobleman over a period of years.

He first came to the notice of John Bull when his name and title appeared in connection with the activities of the notorious Henry Allen Ashton, whose company flotation methods I have so often condemned.

The "Duke" then pleaded that he had got into touch with Ashton through the medium of an advertisement which he had answered, "with the object in view of supplementing his income."

That Wilmott Newman was anxious to make capital from his assumed title of "Duke of Saxe-Noricum" is apparent, as he was ready to accept a salary of £250 a year for his "services" on Ashton's board of directors!

That he is not a "duke," and never has been, I already indicated. But I can go further and say that his name is not "Wilmott Newman" either.

Where he got his title from is best known to himself, but his real name is plain Lawrence Hood, and he was formerly a commercial traveller.

### Tale of woe

He was resident at one time in the neighbourhood of Teddington, and while there he affected to take an interest in parochial affairs.

A little light is thrown upon his character by the revelation that he went to a clergyman with a tale of distress on one occasion and secured a loan of £5. Although steps were taken in the county court at Kingston-on-Thames to recover this sum, it remains unpaid to this day.

Soon after, he figured in very questionable company, devoting his efforts to a spurious religious movement.

When he appeared in the North London Police Court recently, he wore a white carnation, morning suit and white spats, and answered his name as "Mr. Hugh George de Wilmott Newman."

But to the reporter who took a full shorthand note of the lengthy proceedings, revealing just a little of the duplicity and deception of which he is capable, he proudly announced himself as "The Duke of Saxe-Noricum, Prince of the Holy Roman Empire, Knight of the Austrian Order of the Golden Fleece," etc.

Why any person should seek to pass himself off before his fellows as the possessor of distinctions that exist only in his own mind I do not profess to know.

But as all this covers the lost identity of Mr. Lawrence Hood, he is obviously a person to be watched with caution!

# Scruples

*Homely Wisdom by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.*

THE other day I happened to be a member of a small company who listened with interest and some amusement to an account given by a medical man of some of the queer obsessions which haunt the minds of many people.

Most of us, he said, are more or less subject to delusions and temperamental peculiarities that have no rational basis. What will annoy one man excessively will leave another totally unmoved. One person will be quite proud of being thought overbearing; another will be infuriated by the suggestion that he is over-inclined to insist on his own way.

Generally speaking, slyly commented the speaker, individuals like to be credited with good qualities in which they are lacking; and they can quite honestly succeed in persuading themselves that they possess them. "The biggest liar I ever knew," he added, "prided himself on having the reputation of being conscientiously truthful." He little knew what his neighbours really thought and said about him.

None of us know ourselves very thoroughly, but (continued my doctor friend) there are no cases of mental and physical trouble harder to help than those of the patients who make themselves ill by imaginary scruples.

He then told me of one man who came to him in a state of nervous breakdown caused by the fixed idea that he had done something dishonourable in using for his own advantage information gained from a fellow-worker some years before.

The doctor took him at his word for a time, but at length discovered that the patient had forgotten what the information was that he accused himself of having illicitly acquired, nor could it ever have been of the slightest use to him.

The doctor was at great pains to show this self-tormented man that he was the victim of a false scruple, a mere fantastic notion that he had allowed to take root in his brain and work havoc with his happiness and health. "You are over-conscientious," argued the doctor; "you worry too much about minor questions of right and wrong. It is a great mistake to waste so much time on scruples about unimportant matters."

"It took about six weeks to convince him of this," concluded the doctor, "but in the end I cured him so completely that he divested himself of all scruples whatsoever, for he never paid me a penny for the many hours of time and effort I had devoted to him."

That whimsical climax is very illuminating. It illustrates what observation of human nature should teach us all, namely, that the root of an imaginary scruple is always self-centredness.

There are many persons of both sexes who are so preoccupied with themselves that they become morbid over questions of conduct. They are apt to be dreary company for those they live with. They will mournfully tell you over and over again that if they had only done this or had not done that, life would have been so different for them.

Probably it would have been nothing of the sort. What they specially need, though it is very hard to accomplish, is that they should be set free from their concentration on themselves and enabled to take a loving interest in others.

We must never give way to vain regrets about anything. We should learn from our mistakes and failures without being fettered by them. The one sure token of genuine repentance is amendment of life.

# An increase in the DIGGER family

Flake smokers will welcome this new addition to the famous 'Digger' range of Empire Tobaccos. As always, the name is a guarantee of both the quality *and* the value.

## PLAYER'S DIGGER FLAKE

MEDIUM

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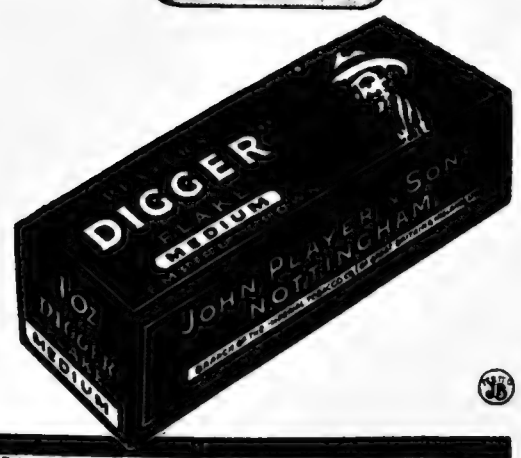


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## THREAT OF EVICTION FROM OLDEST THEATRE

*Theirs is the last travelling theatre in Britain: and now it is threatened with extinction. Mr. Horace Holloway and his daughter who has played in many of his productions*

ONE of the oldest families of travelling actors in the country is facing ruin in the picturesque town of Atherstone, Warwickshire.

Horace Holloway, a grand old showman, is the owner of the last of the travelling theatres, which has been known for years past in many parts of the United Kingdom.

Nine months ago Holloway's travelling theatre and the six trim caravans which house members of the family arrived at Atherstone. The theatre was erected and the caravans were parked on a plot of land adjoining the King's Head Inn at Grendon, on the outskirts of the town.

Horace Holloway paid regularly a weekly rental for this plot of land. The necessary authorities licensed the theatre and the Holloway family settled down for the season.

For months things went quite well. The repertoire of plays which the sons and daughters of old man Holloway presented once nightly in the travelling theatre were a success.

### *Local landmark*

The six caravans in which the family lived had become a local landmark, with their brightly-painted woodwork and their polished brasswork glinting in the sun.

Then, to the surprise of the Holloway family and local residents, came the news that Atherstone Rural District Council had decided that the Holloways and their theatre must go.

The procedure was that Horace Holloway was summoned on the complaint of Samuel Beck, sanitary inspector of the Atherstone Council, who applied for an order requiring him to comply with a notice under the Public Health Act, 1875, or "otherwise to abate the said nuisance."

The Order was made, which meant that the Holloways must abate "the said nuisance" by October, or face eviction from their pitch.

It was argued by the sanitary inspector that the six caravans had no drainage and no lavatories. But the facts are that the plot of land on which the Holloways have camped possesses two drains, one by the side of the King's Head Inn and the other in front of the theatre.

### *Water supply*

Sanitary accommodation for the family is provided for at the inn, in the grounds of which the caravans are parked.

The Holloways had lived at peace with their neighbours, giving their performances at night, and behaving as decent citizens who were well respected by all the people living at Atherstone who had come into contact with them.

There have never been any previous complaints, and even the sanitary inspector has admitted that the caravans "are kept beautifully clean."

In spite of this, Horace Holloway has been fighting a losing battle, for it is obvious that the Atherstone Rural District Council has decided to get rid of the Holloways, their travelling theatre and their six spotless caravans.

"You might as well put me up against a wall and shoot me," said Horace Holloway when what amounted to an order for eviction was made against him.

On May 14, 1935, the last performance was given in the travelling theatre of the melodrama, "Her Only Child."

The Holloway family went through the show with heavy hearts, but few members of the audience realised that the play-actors were facing ruin.

The Warwickshire licensing authorities had refused to renew the licence for the travelling theatre. The Holloways had been deprived of their means of livelihood, but they decided to battle on.

Two of the daughters went off bravely into domestic service, and sent home part of their wages every week. A son obtained employment in the town.

Old man Holloway threw dignity to the four winds and set up in business as a chopped wood merchant. Felled trees were bought and taken into the theatre where the family set about the task of sawing and chopping wood.

So Horace Holloway, who had paced the stage of his theatre in melodrama, now paced the streets of Atherstone selling the firewood which had been sawn and chopped in the auditorium!

A JOHN BULL representative who recently visited the Holloways found the six caravans in perfect order. Everything, as the sanitary inspector had been forced to admit, was "beautifully clean."

There was nothing to indicate the supposed "nuisance" on account of which the Holloways were being banished from Atherstone.

Grey-haired Horace Holloway and his wife were sad-eyed when they spoke of the troubles that had overtaken them.

Holloway, dignified son of generations of troupers, spoke in a voice which had something of the ring of Henry Irving's —"I shall stay on my pitch with my portable theatre, my family and my caravans around me until they eject me," he said.

### *Under a cloud*

"We have committed no nuisance, and we live in conditions which are more healthy and more sanitary than are many houses in the town. Yet they have decided to hound us out of the town. This is a travesty of justice."

But the Holloways are under a cloud. The notice to "abate the nuisance" has expired, and the possibility of eviction overshadows their lives. Even now they are liable to a penalty amounting to £4 a day.

In the circumstances it is not surprising that the people of Atherstone are loud in expressing their sympathy with the old actor family. A great body of townsfolk is indignant at the injustice townsfolk is indignant at the injustice

Local feeling is that if the magistrates had made a personal inspection of the Holloways' six caravans and the camping ground the original order would never have been made.

Mr. Alfred Denville, M.P., is also taking up the cudgels on the Holloways' behalf, and the Showmen's Guild of Great Britain is investigating the case.

There is certainly evidence that the Holloways are the victims of cruel circumstances.

That is why we now appeal most urgently to the local magistrates to review the whole facts of the case, and end this injustice without further delay.

## TWO QUACKS WITH "DEGREES"

THERE is touring the country today an individual known as "Mr. E. Burford," who claims to be one of the principals of a concern calling itself "The Northern Optical Service," of Holloway Arcade, London, N.7.

Burford advertised himself not so long ago as 'The Eminent London Eyesight Specialist,' and used letters after his name denoting him to be "F.Q.O.P." and "P.N.O.S." He has quite recently operated in Kent, and has also appeared in manufacturing towns in Bedfordshire.

Burford undertakes to test sight free of charge, and to supply glasses to those requiring them at extremely moderate prices. Invalids and others who are unable to visit him, he suggests, "should write."

"The only extra charge will be where special lenses or frames are required. Persons paying National Health Insurance should apply to Mr. Burford. In many cases glasses may be obtained free of charge to the members through their approved society."

Such was the announcement advertised on the occasion when Burford paid a visit to Dorking, Surrey, where he managed to rent a local hall for use as his "new consulting rooms."

The campaign in Dorking, as usual, was made in the name of the Northern Optical Service, under which style both Burford and yet another quack optician prefer to operate.

* * *

The unrevealed partner in the enterprise is a self-styled ophthalmic specialist known as Harry Browne, who formerly conducted a business called the National Optical Service, from 3, Market Place, Sleaford, Lincolnshire.

And though neither of this precious pair is qualified to afford treatment to people with bad sight, we have traced their movements in recent months to places as far afield as Bedford, Leicester and Market Harborough.

The "degrees" boasted by Burford have already been described by a stipendiary magistrate as being "absolutely worthless."

The term "F.Q.O.P." infers that Burford is a Fellow of the Qualified Optical Practitioners' Association, which is an unrecognised concern. And the term "P.N.O.S" stands for "Principal of the National Optical Service," which we have already revealed, is a business name registered by Browne at a cost of 5s.

Another of Burford's illusory qualifications is a Fellowship of the Institute of British Optometrists, but that, too, is an organisation without any authority, and minus any statutory power.

Readers requiring optical treatment should pay a visit to a properly qualified ophthalmic specialist, and avoid having dealings with either of these quacks.

# THE REAL EL

by
THE RT.
Sir William J

IF anyone who was not acquainted with the present political system and outlook of this country tried to make out for himself what the real issues at this election are by comparing the respective manifestoes of the various Parties, he would indeed be very confused.

He would know, presumably, that in the last Government the Tory Party had a huge majority over all other Parties. He would know that, thanks to world conditions, we are enjoying the benefit of cheap money.

He would know that there are still in this country a vast number of unemployed—not merely in the depressed or special areas, but in the country as a whole.

And he would know further that the Government, having this majority and having the advantage of cheap money, had the fullest opportunity in its term of office of putting through *all the schemes which it is only now propounding.* He certainly would have reason to wonder why it was that the Government did not, during its tenure of office, introduce and proceed with the various projects about which its candidates are now talking so speciously.

In foreign policy he would find it difficult to detect the difference between the Parties.

## If we had tried . . .

For my own part, I have no doubt that the vast majority of the electors of this country support the League of Nations. Their criticism is not so much of what the Government is now doing or is leading them to believe it will do as of the shuffling ineptitude with which it has been handling international problems in the past four years.

Who can doubt that if the Government of this country had given the League of Nations a definite lead at the time of the conflict between China and Japan the present trouble with Italy would never have occurred? We might have been able to persuade the members of the League to take some action. We might even have got unanimous support. The nations might have agreed not to allow the importation of Japanese goods into their territories.

On the other hand, we might have failed to secure unanimity. But if we had tried, we would have shown to the world that we regarded our promise as one which we treated as a serious and live obligation, no matter who the aggressor might be.

Instead of this, we did nothing. And, as actions speak louder than words, I suspect that, no matter what words may have been spoken to Italy when the Abyssinian situation arose, it was believed by that country that we would once more fail to act.

## Arms problem

It is often said that the real deterrent to criminal acts is the certainty that punishment will follow, not the nature or the extent of the punishment. The Government, by the manner in which it had dealt with other situations abroad, led Italy to doubt whether we meant seriously to abide by League policy, and the result was that Italy went on with her war adventure without calculating on the determination of this country at last to stand by her word and to induce other countries to do the same.

But whatever play is being made with these facts on the political platforms, they do not constitute the real issue at this election.

Nor do I believe that the real issue is the question of armaments. The Labour Party as a whole is not in favour of unilateral disarmament. We must have arms, but these armaments must be conditioned upon our foreign policy. If our foreign policy is going to be adherence to the League, let us have such armaments as will enable us to carry out that policy. This, however, is not the real issue at the present election.

## Tackling poverty

What, then, is the real issue?

Surely it is this—How are we to cope with the problem of unemployment, with the problem of the existence of poverty in the midst of plenty, with the problem of joining idle capital to idle labour, and, in a word, with the problem of so reconstructing our society as to remove these defects and to prevent them arising again?

Anyone who makes an intelligent survey of the future must discern the inevitable tendency of machinery to displace human labour and of industrial organisation on efficient lines to replace the inefficient system of to-day. These tendencies will cause an exaggeration of the trouble in the present system if it is not mended.

Surely, therefore, the benefit of new scientific inventions and discoveries must not, as at present, result in higher dividends for shareholders on the one hand and in more human labour being scrapped on the other.

The first charge on all such improvements should be a charge in respect of the labour employed in the industry.

## No co-operation

The Government, apparently, realises that, in some industries at least, reform is necessary. In the coal trade we hear of the abolition of mining royalties and of a system being introduced to provide for the better marketing of coal. What is true and necessary in the coal industry is equally so in many others.

In the last Labour Government we tried to do something to restrict the insane competition in the coal trade. We had not then the majority in the House of Commons which would enable us to unify the industry on modern, up-to-date lines.

We had to content ourselves with trying to make mere improvements to the existing system—and experience has shown that we have largely failed.

One finds—the coalowners themselves have stated it openly—an absence of loyal co-operation, and, only too often, efforts to establish co-operation for the reorganisation of the industry become only so much jockeying for positions.

We have left the coal industry in private hands; we have not secured effective co-operation; and we have fallen between two stools in that, while we have not obtained the advantages of unified ownership, we have lost the advantages of competition.

We must now proceed to build on the solid foundation that all industries should be run on up-to-date, efficient lines by persons highly skilled in each industry, but all of them must also be run with a view to public service rather than to private gain.

Opponents of Socialism generally misrepresent the Socialist ideal of nationalisation by stating that it involves the running of industries by a lot of politicians who know nothing whatever of the industries they are conducting. This is complete misrepresentation. Of course, if an industry is to be efficient it needs to be directed by persons highly skilled in the knowledge and performance of its particular needs, and to get the best type of men it must be prepared to reward them with proper salaries.

Take the case, for example, of the London Passenger Transport Board which conceived by Mr. Herbert Morrison when he was Minister of Transport, and which is bringing order out of the previous chaos in London traffic. That Board is run by very skilled people whose primary object is not so much to make profits as to introduce a satisfactory transport system for the Metropolis.

I can imagine that many comparable industries might be conducted not with a view to making profit at all, but for the purpose of giving an efficient service to the citizens of this country. Politicians would have nothing to do with the ordinary day-to-day work of such reorganised industries any more than the Postmaster - General concerns himself with the small details of the Post Office administration. I am convinced that, unless we get our industrial foundations well and truly relaid upon this principle, it is no use

# LECTION ISSUE

by
RT. HON.
m Jowitt, K.C.

continuing to try to build an elaborate superstructure.

It is no good tinkering with the problem. Schemes to provide work within the four corners of the present system are undoubtedly better than nothing, but they cannot make any real or lasting contribution to the solving of the problems which are the real issue at this election.

Consider for a moment, as an instance, the question of the electrification of the railways. I do not know enough about this subject to express an opinion as to whether large-scale electrification is feasible or desirable, but the matter has other aspects which help to point a lesson to the nation.

The directors of the railway companies, in making up their minds whether or not to embark upon such a scheme, must, as trustees of the shareholders' money, see that there is going to be a fair return on the capital expended.

Now, it is quite possible that whilst there would be no adequate return from the expenditure in the shape of money, the community as a whole, and particularly those whose homes are near railways, would derive great benefit merely from the absence of smoke and smuts, which might react not only upon their amenities but upon their health. Suppose it were so. This fact could not affect or influence the railway directors in reaching their decision to spend or not to spend money upon electrification. They could not enter improved amenities or improved health of the community as an asset in their balance-sheets.

That is a very simple illustration of the manner in which the public interest is fettered by the present organisation of industry. Surely it is a very sane and modest condition to impose on an industry that, when it has to determine questions of development, these questions should be looked at from a much wider point of view than the mere adequacy of the return to be got from the capital expended.

Let me give another illustration. It may be that some great industrial concern giving employment to large numbers of people in a particular district finds that, by moving its works to another part of Britain, it could produce more cheaply and so earn larger profits.

Broadly speaking, the directors, again as trustees of the shareholders' money, would be bound, if such facts were proved to their satisfaction, to authorise the change-over. Yet such a transfer might cause greater distress in an area already distressed and might be against the general interests of the nation.

It must be manifest that anybody who has to decide such great problems having widespread and most serious effect upon the community ought to be made to look at them from another angle as well as that of the mere size of the profits likely to be earned.

What policy, then, should be adopted to remedy these evils?

In the first place, we should realise that the purchasing power of the community should be kept up by the payment of high wages, which would stimulate demand and consumption.

## *Shorter hours?*

In the second place, we should realise that the available opportunities of work should be shared between those who are able and willing to work. This may mean shorter hours. It may mean that the older people should be given an opportunity of retiring on a sufficiency so as to make room for the younger. It may mean the younger being kept at school longer with suitable maintenance allowances.

And we must acquire a new outlook towards the relief of those who are unemployed. As society is constituted to-day, there are a large number of people willing and able to work who cannot get work to do.

Should we regard these people, after a time, as being entitled to nothing better than charity?

If so, as charity begins at home, you will have no doubt of the justification for a family Means Test. If, on the other hand, you regard the failure of a man or woman to get work as a defect in our industrial system, you will regard it as an obligation of that system to see that the man or woman does not suffer for its defects. The case then becomes one not for charity, but for justice.

## *Tory weapon*

As a lawyer, I am accustomed to look twice at any statistics which may be supplied to me as evidence. To-day figures are being shouted from the hoardings and the Government platforms regarding a supposed diminution in unemployment during the four years of Tory management. They are, indeed, the chief weapon available to the Government candidates.

These figures cannot be accepted as evidence of what they purport to represent.

Every movement in unemployment in Great Britain has had its counterpart in the other great industrial countries—representing a world movement which would have taken place *irrespective of what Government was in office in this country.*

The naked fact that confronts the electors at this election is that the Government, with an unprecedented measure of power, time and cheap money available to it during its period of office, failed even to start reorganising our great industries—the step that is essential to a higher standard of living and the drastic reduction of unemployment.

## *No escape*

From the statistics of the truth, however, there is no escape. Every citizen should impress them on his or her mind.

If non-registered unemployed in uninsured occupations are included—they are too often conveniently omitted—the total of unemployed in Britain to-day far exceeds 2,000,000. With 2,000,000 unemployed, it is reasonable to assume that not less than 4,500,000 men, women and children live in households directly affected.

One worker out of every seven is now unemployed—far more than 2,000,000 in all.

During the past twelve months no fewer than 4,500,000 persons have been unemployed for some part of the time. This means that some 10,500,000 men, women and children—*nearly a quarter of the total population of the country*—lived in households directly affected by unemployment for some part of the past twelve months.

I therefore say that the real issue at this election concerns the unemployed—on what lines are we to reconstruct industry to cure unemployment and on what lines of policy shall we proceed in regard to the unemployed until the cure is applied?

## *No patching*

Are you going to institute a well-thought-out plan with a definite and firm foundation to solve this problem or are you going to try to stick bits of plaster on the existing system which is breaking before your eyes?

For the capitalist system is breaking down under the stress of modern conditions. The competitive system was all very well in the days of small businesses. The fit survived, the weak went out, and no one was very much the worse.

In these days of huge combines, you neither get the benefits of the competitive system nor can you view with indifference the state of affairs which arises if one of these combines disappears or transfers its activities to some other place. Whole districts, whole townships may be struck down by the failure or removal of one of these huge concerns.

If democracy is to function adequately there must be no power in the land comparable with or challenging the power of Parliament.

To-day the power of Finance and of the directors of certain industries is, in practice, as great as that of Parliament itself. In the new system all these forces must be relegated to their proper places and disciplined to operate for the benefit of the community as a whole.

No Party other than the Labour Party is prepared to consider the foundations of industry. This then is, in my view, the clear-cut issue at this General Election.

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**ROWNTREE'S COCOA**

*HELPS DIGESTION*

*The policeman gave a swift look at the other men. "Has a girl called here lately?" he asked me*

# I STOP A SECRET MARRIAGE

JOHN BULL

Readers' Stories

RAIN!

It came down in a steady stream. The day had been muggy and dismal. The cars and traffic passed on the Great North Road outside the café doors; and there was I, with one eye on the clock and one eye on the door, behind the café counter, and the big metal hot-water container steaming ready for anybody who came in.

For that was my job, and still is, a waitress in a roadside café. Interesting? Sometimes. Mostly dull and plenty of hard work. There's no romance, no drama, no comedy in a waitress's job in a roadside café. Just plain, honest to goodness work such as folks like me know and expect.

The tourists, the cyclists, and the people who come into the café just come in—"pot of tea, cold ham, bread and butter, Miss"—and sometimes not the cold ham. And that's that, and off they go again. Romance? Not on your life! That's what I was thinking as I looked at the streaming windows and the darkness beyond. And then the door opened and in stepped Romance, although I didn't recognise her at once.

Drenched, she was, with the rain dripping from her small hat and her cheap, white mackintosh.

She was just over twenty I guessed. She came up to the counter and leaned on it, and I saw in the corners of her eyes something glistening that wasn't rain.

"Could I wait here a bit?" she asked, trying to show a brave front. "It's such a terrible night. I'm wondering if you would help me to get dried—in the back there——"

"Come in this way," I said, and showed her the flap in the counter.

She came into the back kitchen, leaving a drag of wetness on the floor as she walked, for the rain had certainly soaked her; and there before the kitchen fire she plumped down in a chair and bent her head.

She told me the story as she took off her stockings and shoes and hung her dress in front of the fire.

"You're a decent sort," she said. And then she told me.

Yes, there was a car somewhere down the road. She had run away from it as she had run away from her home. Her idea was to come to Gretna and get married. She came from the Midlands. She didn't know that Gretna marriages are not valid unless the parties have fulfilled the residence regulations. (So many of these runaway couples don't take the time to think about such things.)

She had left what she was most in need of just then and that was a good home. She had started in the car with her lover, and on the way she had found out that he wasn't what she had believed. Something to do with money taken from his employer and getting into a regular mess with the police, I gathered. And that had sickened her. She saw him in a new light.

☆ ☆ ☆

"It was when we had a puncture down the road," she said bitterly, "that I got a good look at him—mentally. I saw that he was a rotter. And he is already married. I wormed it out of him. And I ran off when he was working at the car. Slipped away in the darkness, and saw the light in your window and came here."

"Yes," I said, "it's possible to see the lights for three miles. Drivers who come here have told me often. And what are you going to do now? The café closes in another half hour."

She looked up at me in a scared way.

"I hoped it would be an all-night café," she said. "There's a coach that comes down to Manchester——"

"Passes here about six in the morning," I said.

"Oh!" Another blow to her feeble plans.

And then, slowly: "I haven't any money. I was hoping the coach driver would let me go back and my father would pay the fare. I hope he would."

"They don't pick up passengers," I said. "It's part of their contract that they don't take passengers like buses."

A little pause and then: "Where do *you* live?" she asked.

I hadn't time to tell her that I cycled a few miles home every night, for just then the café door opened and banged.

There, as I came from the kitchen, I saw *him*.

He hadn't a hat and he was looking from side to side of the café like a ferret looking for its prey. That's how he struck me right away.

A young man, under medium size, inclined to stoutness, with a toothbrush moustache and side whiskers. A leather driving coat over his suit was flung open. One of these too smart young men you see in small cars sometimes flashing up and down the Great North Road. You get to know them if you stand in a café.

"Is there a girl here?" he rapped out quickly. "I have reason for thinking a girl came in here not long ago. Where is she?"

I was standing by the door leading to the kitchen. I glanced back and the girl by the fire made frantic signs to me not to let her presence be known. Scared she certainly was.

"Come on!" he snapped at me. "Is there a girl here? She's in a white mack and brown hat——"

I stepped to the counter and looked him over. And he looked me over, too.

"Nice bit of goods," he said, meaning me.

"What do you want to eat?" I asked coldly.

He grew suddenly serious, and leaned his elbows on the counter, looking straight into my face.

☆ ☆ ☆

"Is she in here?" he asked, jerking his finger towards the kitchen; and he laid his hand on the flap of the counter.

He looked pretty ugly just then; his small ferret eyes fixed on my face, and I could see that he was listening intently.

"Anybody else in the café besides yourself?" he asked quietly.

That thrilled me. I knew he would be over the counter in a jiffy. He meant trouble, that side-whiskered smart young man. And just then the door bell went again.

The door of the café opened and in stepped a policeman. The young man's hand dropped from the counter and he glanced at the policeman, then at me.

"Cup of coffee," he said sourly.

The policeman was standing shaking the rain from his cape. He stumped forward as I handed the cup of coffee to the young man and stood by the counter, nodding to me in a friendly way. I knew him well enough. He often looked in late at night, just to see how things

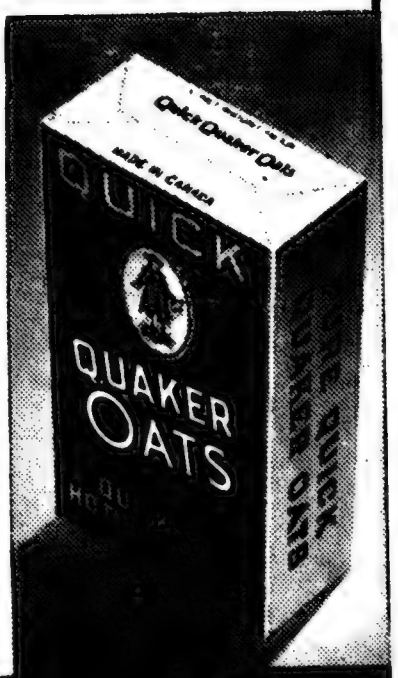
*(Continued on page 28)*

# There's no better breakfast than a plate of hot, nourishing PORRIDGE

*and*

# There's no porridge in the world as good as QUAKER OATS

Millions of healthy men and women living today were brought up on a daily breakfast of Quaker Oats and now, sure of its goodness, they in their turn are giving it to their children. Oats, rich in valuable body-building proteins and minerals are indeed one of nature's own finest nourishing foods —and Quaker Oats are milled from the world's finest oats grown and ripened under ideal conditions in sunny Canada. These rich, plump oats are roasted by a special process by Quaker, to preserve all their goodness and give them that unique *creamy* flavour. No cold cereal warmed with hot milk can possibly equal a Quaker Oats breakfast—freshly *cooked* and served hot—and Quick Quaker is prepared in 4 minutes. In addition, scientists now tell us that Quaker Oats contain the vital *nerve-nourishing* Vitamin B—lack of which has been proved repeatedly a direct cause of " nerviness," constipation and sleeplessness. Quaker Oats are sold only in *sealed packets* to ensure their perfect condition and freedom from all dust and impurities.

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2090

# THE TIREDNESS THAT BREAKS UP HOMES

## NEURO-PENIA *(underfed nerves)*

**TIRED AND JUMPY AFTER ORDINARY HOUSEWORK.**

Last winter I got run-down after an attack of Asthma. For months I kept feeling as if all the life was drained out of me. Tired, just by ordinary housework, jumpy, upset by trifles such as a ticking clock. Sometimes just stared out of the window feeling tired and hopeless.

**BEGAN TO THINK MY HUSBAND DIDN'T LOVE ME.** Worried about my husband, too. Fancied he didn't care for me any more. Used to snap at him for almost no reason. One day I told a friend how tired and miserable I felt. " That tiredness," she said, " I know what it's like — I had it myself, until my doctor advised Hall's Wine to put me right."

**FEELS LIKE LETTING IN THE SUNSHINE.**

She gave me some Hall's Wine to try. Tasted lovely, and I could *feel* it pouring strength into me. Took it 3 times a day. Just like letting sunshine into my life. All that nervy tiredness slipping away in a week. No more hopeless feeling, no more bickering. I couldn't even think what all my worry had been about, I felt so strong and fresh and happy.

### Neuropenia explained

If you feel like this woman did — tired, depressed and jumpy, through illness or overwork — that's because the tiny granules of Nissl that feed your nerves are all pale and shrivelled. This is known as Neuropenia (underfed nerves). Hall's Wine is specially prepared for this condition, from the formula of a well-known doctor. The first wineglassful pours new strength into you. Within a few days, your vitality is completely lifted up.

★ ALL symptoms related above are typical of " Neuropenia " as shown by the records of a leading medical psychologist, based on hundreds of cases at a London hospital.

## Are You Convalescing Quickly?

After Influenza or any serious illness you feel dreadfully tired. Your nerves are weak and it seems your strength will never come back. Hundreds of nurses and doctors take Hall's Wine to get back their strength quickly. For quick Convalescence take Hall's Wine 2 or 3 times a day.

# HALL'S WINE

***STRENGTHENS YOU if tired or run-down***

From all Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers and Chemists. Price everywhere, 5/6. Stephen Smith & Co. Ltd., Bow, London, E.3. (Also proprietors of the famous Keystone Wines.)

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**HOW TO STUDY**

Is your spare time when it suits YOU. You fix your own time, you do not GO to your studies, the postman brings THEM TO YOU. There is nothing that a class-room teacher can show on a blackboard that we cannot show on a white paper. The lesson on a blackboard will be cleaned off, but our lessons are PERMANENT. A class-room teacher cannot give you a private word of encouragement, but a Correspondence Tutor can do so whenever your work deserves it. On the other hand he can, where necessary, point out your mistakes PRIVATELY.

**SIGNS of the TIMES**

The Budget has restored
**POLICE OPPORTUNITIES.**
The Air Force is to be increased.
**AVIATION MUST DEVELOP.**
Pay Cuts have been restored.

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Suitable to both sexes. Ages 15½ to 24. PERMANENT, PROGRESSIVE, PENSIONABLE POSITIONS.

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*We prepare candidates for all*

**INSTITUTE EXAMS.**

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All Branches—Employers are advertising for them. TELEPHONY, RADIO and MOTOR ENGINEERING are expanding rapidly. There are lots of vacancies. Our postal courses will make you eligible. Advice on all careers free.

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Pumps and Pumping Machinery
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*If you do not see your own requirements above, write to us on any subject.*

IT IS THE PERSONAL TOUCH WHICH COUNTS IN POSTAL TUITION

Dept. 31, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, SHEFFIELD.


Secret Marriage—*Continued from page 26*

# When the Cafe Closed

were going on, and sometimes he walked a bit of the road with me home.

The young man with the side whiskers took his coffee, paid for it, and went to a table, where he sat down.

The policeman leaned his elbow on the counter.

He gave a swift look at the other, who was drinking his coffee, and added:

"Has a girl called here lately?"

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing much. Except that there has been an enquiry by somebody, a man living near Manchester, about a daughter who, he thinks, has run off with a bit of a rake."

He raised his voice a little, and I saw the head of the side-whiskered young man being raised a bit. He was listening intently, but pretending not to do so.

"Yes," said the policeman casually, and I wondered if he, too, was watching the visitor, "an enquiry. This chap, it seems, has run off with a girl, and the father has asked us to help him trace them. Some domestic trouble, I think, at home made the girl run away. The father has reasons for thinking they have gone Gretna way——"

He looked across at the coffee drinker. The latter had fished a newspaper from his pocket and was reading it, or pretending to read it, hiding his face behind its pages.

The policeman rubbed his chin thoughtfully.

"I'll wait here until you close, and then walk a bit of the road with you," he said quietly. "You're closing soon?"

I looked at the clock.

"In five minutes," I said.

☆ ☆ ☆

I went into the kitchen. The girl had been listening behind the door.

"He'll be arrested," she whispered. "I know he stole money. That policeman is looking for him."

I drew the fading fire out of the grate and damped the hot cinders, and was tidying up at the sink when the door bell rang again. I went to the counter.

It was somebody coming in. A little clean-shaven man with a drooping moustache.

"Coffee!" he said quickly. "How far is it to Gretna from here?"

I told him and was pouring out his coffee when I heard a stifled exclamation from the kitchen. I left the newcomer to his coffee and went into the kitchen. There was the girl in a greater state of excitement than ever.

"My father!" she exclaimed. "That's my Dad! I knew he'd come after us. What am I to do?"

I thought quickly. It was easy to see what was in the girl's mind.

I walked out to the shop, lifted the coffee-cup of the young man with the side-whiskers and placed it on the counter.

"Closing time," I said at his elbow.

He almost jumped. His paper came down from his face with a jerk. He looked at me venomously, rose to his feet and made for the door.

As he did so the little man with the bowler hat saw him for the first time.

"Hey," he called, "come here! Where's my daughter, you scamp!"

But the other didn't wait. He was through the door and out into the night like a flash, with the policeman, who had been standing near a window, going after him.

I ran across the room and laid a hand on the little man's arm

"Listen to me," I said quickly. "Your girl is in here."

I pointed to the kitchen. He hesitated, stared at me, and then from the kitchen threshold came a voice.

"Dad! Oh, Dad! I'm sorry!"

I waited for a minute, wondering what else was going to happen.

☆ ☆ ☆

Sobs came from the kitchen, and I continued to pile the chairs on the tables.

I had piled the last one up and had already drawn down the blinds when the door opened again.

It was the policeman. He came in and shook the rain from his cape.

"That's all right," he said.

"What's all right?" I asked casually.

"Why, that chap who was in here. I suspected he was the man we were wanting. That's why I hung about until I got a glimpse of his face. It was him all right. We got him."

"Where is he now?" I asked.

"My mate has him. You see, I told my mate I had to see you a bit of the way home, so I called here in any case. So when I collared this chap as he was starting up his car outside I flashed my lamp, as agreed, and my mate saw it and came along. He's taken him away with him. Says he's the chap that had run off with the girl from near Manchester. But there wasn't any girl in his small car. Wonder where he dropped her?"

"Maybe she dropped him," I said. "I won't be long, if you can wait until I put out the lights."

He looked at me queerly. Of course, I knew this policeman well, very well.

"Where's your other customer?."

I walked into the kitchen without answering him. The girl and her father were standing beside the fireplace. He held out his hand to me.

"I want to thank you," he said, "for being kind to my daughter. She has told me about you letting her dry herself—and all that. She's coming home with me now. She's had a narrow escape from a big mistake and it'll be a lesson to her. The chap that led her astray will be caught, I hope. Did he get away, do you know?"

"No," I said, "I don't think so. Indeed, I hear he has already been caught. I'm sorry I can't let you stay any longer. The café is closing.

The father, with his arm around his daughter, walked out of the kitchen. I watched them go.

The policeman was not there. They just went off like that, after thanking me again and saying good-night.

I put out the one remaining light after I had wheeled my bicycle from the kitchen to the front door. I locked the front door just as the girl and her father started up the car and drove out on to the main road.

Their tail-light was disappearing in the rain when a light flashed at my feet. The voice of the policeman said:

"That was pretty decent of you. I thought the father of that girl was in the kitchen, but I didn't want to worry him or her with details of that scamp's arrest. They'll hear soon enough. So I skipped out here and waited for you."

☆ ☆ ☆

"That," I said, "was decent of *you*.

Being off duty, he loaned me his cape, and we marched along the road towards my home, as we had done often enough.

Did I say there never was any romance in a café?

Well, hardly ever. Still, even in the rain my policeman and I talked things over. He comes still to take me home. Maybe before long he and I will both say that my café has closed for the last time for me.

Next week JOHN BULL opens the Christmas Season in wonderful style. The biggest thrill yet for parents and children. It is the M.W.B., and what a surprise it is. Look out for it—coming next week.

"The Greatest of These——"

# Eighteen Years After . .

ADA, whose name means "Rich Gift," is eight years old. She is the only girl of a family of five children, and she has proved a rich gift indeed to her mother, who said, "I think God sent her to me to cheer me up. She has many a time saved me from giving way to despair."

*Ada*

Ada's ex-Service dad suffers from cancer of the tongue. He has undergone two operations, and is under the hospital. When he was at the front he suffered from epithelioma on his tongue, and the cancer developed in 1928. Now he has only half a tongue.

He also suffers from bronchitis, due to lying in wet trenches. At times, he is almost off his head with pain, and his wife hardly knows what a night's rest means. "My husband," she remarked, "has always been one of the best."

Ada's mother has worked hard to maintain the family until about a month ago, when she had a nervous breakdown and suffers from neuritis in her left side.

Another family sorrow is that her twenty-five-year-old son suffers from epileptic fits. He fell down the area when he was four years old, and the fits began when he was seven, through a clot of blood on his brain.

He has met with accident after accident: falling and breaking his arm; being knocked on the tram-lines and fracturing his scapula; a burned leg through falling on to the grate. Another time he fell backwards down a flight of stairs.

"Sometimes, in the morning, we wonder if he is coming through," says his mother.

In addition to this afflicted son, and Ada, there is a boy aged nineteen, who has just started work, and a lad aged fifteen, earning 15s. a week, and a boy aged eleven. "They *eat* and *eat*," says their mother. "I have had a hard struggle to keep going, and have had to sell nearly everything since I have been ill."

This family of seven, two of them invalids, have approximately £2 a week to live on, paying 11s. a week rent, which is a few weeks in arrears. Many of their things, including shoes, are in pawn.

"Ada's mother never makes a complaint until nothing can be done," writes Ada's headmistress, and she bears the character from a former employer of being "a sober, honest and hard-working woman."

How better could our readers celebrate Armistice Week than by helping Ada's ex-Service dad? Let his little daughter's name prove a "rich gift" indeed by sending donations earmarked "Ada," which should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Also subscriptions intended for our general fund, the War Sufferers' Fund, which calls for special sympathy and help during this week of sad war memories.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

# At week-ends

A man can't *help* feeling glad at the week-end. Home to dinner on Saturday, with a quiet afternoon—and (the final luxury) a case of Whiffs. Wills's Whiffs—quite mild and exceptionally cool.

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# WHIFFS

WITH THE REAL HAVANA FLAVOUR
AT THESE REASONABLE PRICES

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# RATIONAL TAILORING

# It's a *marvellous coat* for fifty shillings!

**HUSBAND:** When I think what I used to pay I could kick myself black and blue.

**WIFE:** I don't know about that. You can't pick up bargains like this every day of the week.

**HUSBAND:** But you *can* at The Fifty Shilling Tailors. If I saw one coat I saw hundreds — all as good as this, in their own way.

**WIFE:** Naturally, all I have seen is the clothes in their window, and I've often thought how smart they were, but I had no idea there was such a variety.

**HUSBAND:** I was surprised myself. I had a good look round and at first I could scarcely believe they were 50/-, the cloth and styles were so excellent.

**WIFE:** You've been very quiet so far about the things a woman always looks for — linings, seams, the inside of the pockets, and all the hidden part.

**HUSBAND:** Only because there is nothing to say about them. You wouldn't get better work or better materials at twice the money; take it from me.

**WIFE:** Then I think you've made a wonderful discovery. It's true that yours is an easy figure to fit . . .

**HUSBAND:** Be fair to them! They were perfectly willing to make me a coat to measure if I liked.

**WIFE:** At the same price?

**HUSBAND:** Certainly. 50/- and no extras.

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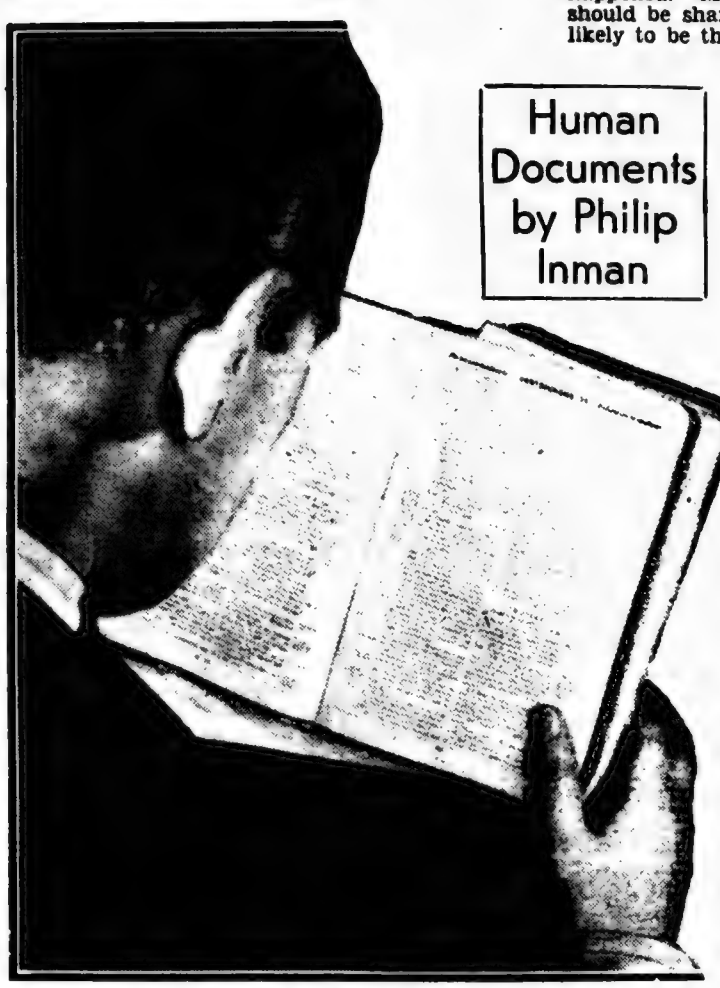
# A SINNER *against* SUNDAY?

Human Documents by Philip Inman



I DON'T often discuss religious questions on this page. I know that among my readers are people of every creed and of no creed; and in dealing with matters of faith there is a risk of giving offence in one quarter or another, though none is meant.

But sometimes religious problems reach me which simply cry out for public treatment. Here is one of them:

I am a commercial clerk and am twenty-three years old. My father has been out of work for some years now and he and my mother, whom I love dearly, have had a very lean time. My salary is only very modest, but by careful saving I managed to bank nearly £50.

A few months ago I used this money to purchase a little general business for my parents, and I am glad to say that they are making a comfortable living, but to do this they have to open on Sundays, as that is their busiest day.

On three nights a week I have conducted a children's mission in the town and the work has become part of my life.

The clergyman who built and provided the mission holds very strong views on the question of Sunday trading. The other day he stated that he understood that I had found the money to buy the business for my parents. He then told me quite bluntly that either the shop must close on Sundays or I must sever my connection with the children's mission.

My parents realise what my voluntary work amongst the kiddies means to me, and though by closing on Sundays they would lose more than half their trade, they are prepared to sacrifice this for my sake.

But is it right that I should allow them to do so? The clergyman, to whom I have explained the circumstances, tells me that my indecision in the matter proves that I have no faith in God. "He will provide," he says, "and your business will not suffer for being closed on Sundays."

One of the Commandments, I know, declares that "the seventh day is the Sabbath, and on it thou shalt do no work." But that is the teaching of the Old Testament, and I would draw his attention to the words of Christ Himself, "It was said by them of old . . . but *I* say unto you."

And what did He say?

When His disciples were accused of violating the Sabbath day His reply was, "The Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath."

There seems to be one possible solution. This young man should say to that clergyman: "I love my parents. I want to see them happy. I have sacrificed all I have to place them where they are. If they are to close the shop on Sundays, then what they lose must be made up to them in some other way. Other work must be found for my father or other customers procured who will give their patronage on weekdays."

*"One of the Commandments declares that 'the seventh day is the Sabbath, and on it thou shall do no work,' but Christ Himself said, 'the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath'"*

CONSIDERATION for his parents, and particularly his mother, has brought trouble to another young man. Here is the letter:

I am a qualified schoolmaster, married, and with two children. My father spent most of his hard-earned savings on my education, and I owe him, therefore, a tremendous debt.

Shortly after I was married my mother came to me in great trouble. She had got herself into serious financial difficulty through taking money from a church fund of which she was treasurer.

I ought to add that my father is a Methodist lay preacher, and she dare not tell him, as she wanted to save him from pain and sorrow. In order to avoid this, I procured the necessary money from a money-lender, and in this way kept the matter a secret.

Having to repay this loan, together with heavy interest, made me neglect some of my own obligations, with the result that County Court summonses were served upon me. I then resorted to money-lenders again, and altogether I have had four advances from them.

I have sold furniture from my home in order to meet various debts, but I don't seem able to get out of the morass. Added to this I have had to resign my membership from the Methodist Church because the leaders have heard about my affairs, and instead of helping me they thrust me down. And, of course, I cannot explain to them the reasons.

You can understand what a terrible anxiety this is to my wife and myself, and I will greatly esteem your advice.

Now I don't agree with this man's criticism of the leaders of his church. He admits that they don't know the reason for his financial difficulties.

I feel, too, that my correspondent made a mistake in assuming entire responsibility for that theft. It is right and creditable for a son to go to the aid of his mother. But not if it means a complete upheaval of his own domestic life. Remember that in this case the man has a wife and two children dependent upon him.

I think that even at this late hour the father should be told exactly what has happened. My correspondent's burden should be shared by them all. That is likely to be the quickest way out of his difficulties. And it is the one I recommend.

My third problem concerns the love-affair of a Congregational minister. Let the letter speak for itself:

A friend of mine is a Congregational minister and his heart and soul is in his work. He is engaged to a woman who, though she has a splendid character, is not a member of a church. I have tried in all ways to influence my friend to break his engagement, pointing out how essential it is that one's partner for life should be in deep sympathy with one's work and interests.

It is true that she has promised to become a member of his church after their marriage. But what perplexes me is that she will not join the church where she lives now. I am sure that they love one another and I believe that she would prove a fine home-maker. But I have serious doubts about her helping him in his public work. What is more, her friends are not church-going folk, and one of them I know is definitely anti-religious.

I know very well that one can live a decent life without going to church, but I have in mind that my friend is a minister. Of course, the last word must lie with them. But advice from one who has handled so many similar problems is likely to be of great assistance. And that is why I write to you.

LET me put a question to my correspondent. He says he "has tried in all ways to influence his friend to break his engagement." What does he think of the promise of a minister? Does he think it can be broken as easily as a roadmaker breaks his stones? His congregation would not think much of him if that were his attitude towards life.

And what are his grounds for advising so drastic a step. "The girl is not a member of a church . . . her friends are not church-going folk . . . one of them is anti-religious."

Let me remind him that the great Founder of the Church was subject to similar criticism. It was said of Him that "He consorted with publicans and sinners."

There are these further points. My correspondent admits that the girl has "a splendid character," that in his judgment "she will prove a fine home-maker" and that "they are in love with each other."

These things should be sufficient to silence every misgiving. They assure peace and happiness in the home. I am confident that out of the affection this woman has for this man will grow a deep and abiding interest in his work.

---

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HI!

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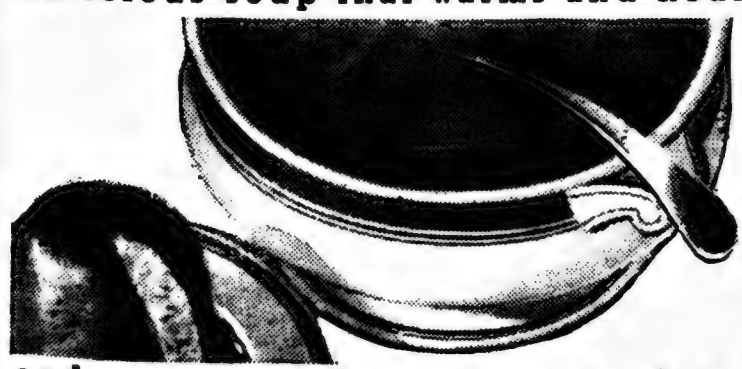

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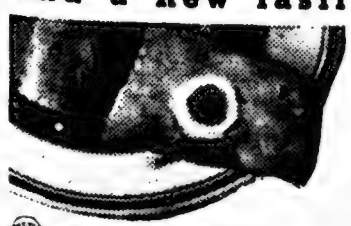

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2D. & 5½D. PER PACKET
*Also Clear Soup in 9d. bottles.*

Symington's delicious soups are the appetising kind you never tire of. And they add delightful flavouring to dishes like Bœuf à la Milanaise—shown here. The recipe is among the many good recipes—illustrated in colour—in the FREE RECIPE BOOKLET—full of new suggestions. Send, enclosing 1½d. in stamps for postage, to W. Symington & Company Limited, Market Harborough.

Tinned Soups . . . 8 Delicious Varieties, 5d. and 7½d. per tin.

OH, JEAN, I'M TOO TIRED TO DANCE ANY MORE! IT BEATS ME HOW YOU CAN FIND THE ENERGY AFTER A LONG DAY'S WORK!
I EXPECT I SHOULD FEEL LIKE YOU DO IF I DID'NT TAKE MY PRECIOUS BOURN-VITA EVERY NIGHT!
Next day Jean wrote this letter:

*Dear Sirs,*
*I am a shop assistant and am on my feet all day, and as I like to go to a number of dances I remain on them a considerable part of the night and early morning—the only snag was that I could not sleep when I eventually got to bed, and felt absolutely fagged out the following day . . . . I decided to give Bourn-vita a trial. The results were surprising . . . I slept like the proverbial 'top' and after a few nights of this started to feel my old self again and had the energy to enjoy the old pleasures which I had hitherto felt too fagged for.*
*Yours faithfully, J. D. G.*

*Last night's*
# BOURN-VITA
*is helping her now!*

★ **YOU TOO** can get the same help from Bourn-vita. It is rich in malt diastase which helps you to digest your other food. And because Bourn-vita, more than other food-drinks, assists and soothes digestion, you are able to sleep better and to wake up refreshed and full of energy. Bourn-vita is also a very nourishing food—a delicious combination of malt, eggs, milk and chocolate.

Bourn-vita is a *Cadbury* product for digestion, sleep and energy.

# A Cut off the Joint —

is nicer with

# MUSTARD

—Colman's Mustard

**A Pretty Patterned TRANSFER FREE!**

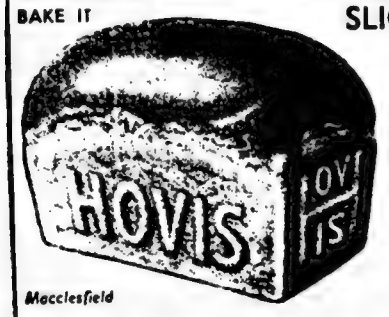
Turn to the Robin Starch offer on p. 33. A pattern of a delightful dainty overall, designed by a famous fashion house, is offered free to "John Bull" readers in exchange for only one lid bearing the price from one 10d. packet of Robin Starch, or its equivalent from 5d., 2½d., 1½d. or 1d. packets.

Had your
HOVIS
today?

WHEN you're not feeling so bright and cheery as you would like to be . . . look to your diet. Life takes on a rosier hue when you build up health on HOVIS.

—there's STRENGTH in every SLICE

BEST BAKERS BAKE IT




Macclesfield

The DAILY SHINE for smarter shoes . .
The DAILY SHINE for greater comfort
The DAILY SHINE for longer wear . . .
The DAILY SHINE for waterproof shoes

Polish them daily with
CHERRY BLOSSOM
BOOT POLISH
and notice the difference!
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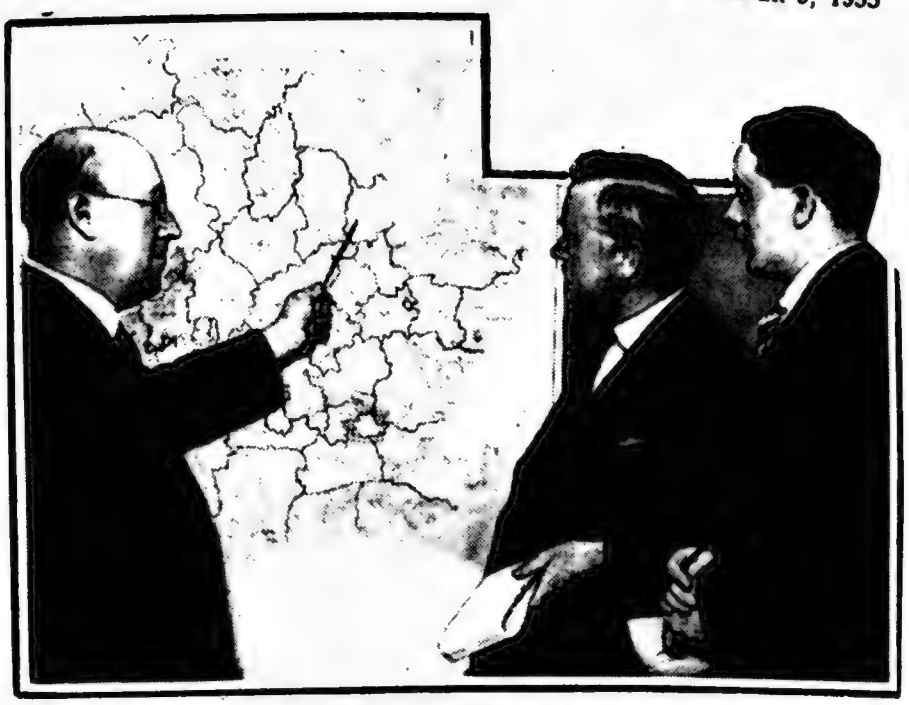

*Mr. G. R. Shepherd, the National Organiser, discussing the election map with two of his assistants at Labour's G.H.Q.*

# G.H.Q. Labour —And How It Works

TEN men and women grouped at a table are speaking in turn. They do not say more than a sentence of comment each when a new topic is raised by their chairman. They are obviously people who know their own minds, who economise in time and speech and who could be depended upon to remain unaffected by outside excitement in a period of emergency.

They are clearly not a company board of directors. Their neckwear and dress is not that of commercial people, and their features betoken early experience of the workshop rather than the counting-house.

They might be taken for a governing body of church laymen—until the nature of their discussion is understood. . . .

"Five fifteen hundred majorities already certain Lancashire."

"Am sending three loudspeaker equipments Cardiff this afternoon."

"Double canvass arranged all north-east boroughs."

"Women workers best asset all Birmingham constituencies."

"Sent quarter million agricultural policy leaflets Gloucestershire this morning." . . .

A silver-haired man at the top of the table makes a note of the reports thus conveyed to him by the speakers in the language of the telegraph. "Satisfactory," he says, when they have finished. "To-night I would like full details of the London boroughs and a report on Midlands finance. That is all just now, ladies and gentlemen."

He is Mr. James S. Middleton, secretary of the Labour Party, and the group dispersing from the conference room to their offices in Transport House, Westminster, are the chiefs of the Party's departments. They have just completed their morning consultation and exchange of information upon the progress of the General Election campaign.

A visitor to a political headquarters at the height of a General Election might expect, at least, to find himself in an atmosphere and a scene of some excitement, tension and bustle.

Not so at Transport House.

NOWHERE in the building is the slightest outward appearance of anything unusual. The placidity of the place would totally deceive a stranger who did not understand the mechanism of the Labour Party.

The machine has been built to run with continuous smoothness from one General Election to another, and so that there shall be no dislocation when it is accelerated and the load applied. In some respects it may not be an elegant machine—there is no money to spare for enamel and polish—but it is so well up to its job that those who mind it have cause for neither flurry nor anxiety when full power has to be developed.

So quiet, indeed, is everything in the corridors and the thirty-one rooms of Transport House that contain the Labour Party's national machine that a visitor quickly sees that what is happening now is only the public performance of plans that were made long ago and have been rehearsed again and again to the pitch of perfection.

Perhaps the calm and absence of stir that is so conspicuous in Transport House when the constituencies are in turmoil is most attributable to the fact that the men and women who tend the machine are not, primarily, politicians.

Each of them, in respect of political knowledge, could be a perfect candidate, but all of them are, first and foremost, administrators and practical experts in the business of vote-winning. They do not frame policy and design programmes. These are handed to them, clean cut and in final shape, from the councils of the Party.

Why Transport House? Nine persons out of ten could not tell off-hand the names of the headquarters of other political Parties, but everyone identifies or speaks of Transport House as the national nerve-centre of the Labour Party. Comparatively few, however, have any knowledge where or what Transport House is and why it is so named.

The splendid modern offices in the shadows of the House of Lords and Westminster Abbey which accommodate the central organisation of the Labour Party are contained in a wing of the property owned and used as its headquarters by the Transport and General Workers' Union.

The Union is the landlord and the Labour Party one of its tenants, who include also the Trades Union Congress, the Workers' Travel Association, the International Textile Workers' Federation, a branch of the Co-operative Wholesale Banking Society, Ltd., and several commercial undertakings and banking establishments.

Smith Square, Westminster, where the Transport Workers' Union built this fine new home seven years ago, was once a part of the Abbey vineyard which Henry VIII transferred to his laundress. It is close to the Houses of Parliament, in the very heart of official England, and it teems with history and rare old architectural work.

LONG before the building was completed, it began to be realised that here was an ideal centre also for the concentration of the activities of the Trades Union Congress and of the Labour Party, and the Union proceeded to erect a new wing in which to accommodate the two sides of the Labour movement at a rental sufficient to return a moderate interest on the capital expenditure, without regard to the high commercial value of the building.

So well chosen was the site and so excellent and up to date the design that it is not surprising offers are always being received from private business concerns for the purchase of the entire place.

Students of political organisation have come from the ends of the earth at this election to watch the Labour Party machine in operation at Transport House and to learn the lesson of its quiet efficiency. They are likely to go home not much the wiser.

They cannot understand how it is that the Party spends less upon one General Election than any other Party does upon three elections and is yet, for instance, able to maintain a service which in a few days can distribute, even to the smallest villages in the country, fifty million pamphlets and leaflets of thirty kinds. How is it, ask these foreign visitors, that a Party so handicapped by money shortage can support not only the perfect network of organisation over the length and breadth of the country, but also at its headquarters maintain a series of departments that seem to be in touch, not only with every area of Britain, but with every country in the world.

At any moment, for example, the International Department can provide the latest possible information upon any social or economic subject from even the most remote foreign land.

SIMILARLY, the Research Department can produce facts and figures up to the minute regarding any commercial, political or social matter in this country. It can boast that it never fails to answer any question and that never has the information which it distributes been proved wrong.

It is the nature of the fuel which drives the machine that baffles the stranger—the immense reserve of voluntary and zealous service that is always to the hand of the engineers-in-charge. Months ago, every man and woman who serves the Labour Party up and down the country knew what his or her job would be when the election came.

That is why Transport House is so tranquil a place to-day, and why the experts there, in the midst of this General Election, are already actually making plans for the next General Election, whether it comes in five weeks or five years.

## SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

SPORTS DESPATCH:—"After a SMELL of midfield play . . ."

WATERLOO TIMES, U.S.A.:—"Her act was discovered at once and a strong ANECDOTE was immediately administered."

SUNDAY TIMES:—"He also paid tribute to —— and —— who went down the WINE to attend to the injured."

THE ILFORD RECORDER:—"Also, 'One Night of Love' (Grace Moore), the famous musical play revived by special REGRET."

EVENING STANDARD:—"This feat was performed by —— in his experimental WINEGLASS autogyro."

MALTON AND YORKSHIRE GAZETTE:—"There was a large FATHERING at the Women's Own."

# MOTHER'S BITTER EXPERIENCE

## "I Feed my Girl well. Why isn't she Strong?"

"WHEN baby was born, my one thought was to make her strong and healthy. But now she's six she's not half as bonny as my friend's little girl, who is only a month older. My friend gives her child Scott's Brand Emulsion in winter, but I give my child a cod liver oil preparation too," writes a mother.

**What a bitter worry this must be for a mother! It all goes back to the fact that children's digestions are not strong enough to deal with certain foods.**

A famous Medical Research Body working in London has recently confirmed that it makes a big difference to a child's health which kind of winter tonic mothers give. "Because," states this Research Body, "only when liver oil is given in the white creamy form of Scotts Brand Emulsion can children digest it properly and get all the goodness out of it."

* * *

Mothers who go into the chemist's shop to buy a protective and body-building tonic this winter should ask themselves, "Am I buying the kind my child can digest?" In Scotts Brand Emulsion every drop of oil is finely divided to form a white digestible cream. Thirty minutes after a spoonful has been swallowed every drop has gone to strengthen your child's chest. At once he begins to build up a resistance to winter illness such as he has never had before.

* * *

The letter printed below will help all mothers to make their children stronger this winter. "When my boy was 4, I thought he needed building up, he looked so pale and weak. So I started him on Scotts Brand Emulsion. There was a big difference right from the first. He is now at school in Standard II, has never missed a day, and the schoolmistress says he's one of the healthiest kiddies in her class," writes a London mother.

### Proof of above statement, for Doctors

This Medical Research Body's official report is available for inspection by the Medical Profession at 10, Stonecutter Street, E.C.4.

Scotts Brand Emulsion contains finest cod liver oil of guaranteed vitamin potency with glycerine and hypophosphites of essential mineral salts. Biological tests show that Scotts Brand Emulsion is completely absorbed in its original form straight from the duodenum into the thoracic duct within 30 minutes of swallowing dosage.

### Why some well-fed children don't put on weight

The best body-building foods are milk, butter, eggs and meat. But they are difficult to digest—usually one-third of the body-building goodness is lost. When children swallow a spoonful of Scotts Brand Emulsion it immediately sets their digestive juices flowing freely. This helps them to get every possible ounce of body-building goodness out of their food. In 2 weeks they put on weight, they get more flesh, their bones get stronger, their blood richer—they go through the winter much better than other children.

# This LINEN OVERALL is practical — *and charming*

**Famous Fashion artist's PATTERN FREE in exchange for ROBIN box lids**

You look fresh and attractive always in crisp neat linen!

Here is a house-frock in white or coloured linen that has all the chic of a Paris model. Special easy-cutting instructions by the designer make this overall very simple to make at home. You'll go about your work feeling neat and bright in its trim lines. What is more, you can easily *keep* it looking like new. Linens keep their freshness longer when starched with ROBIN Starch. And ROBIN is quick and easy — mixed in a moment, gloss as well, nothing to add but water — the ironing all goes like snow in the sunshine!

**FREE** With the pattern of this dainty overall, designed by a famous fashion house, are full instructions for cutting out, amount of material, etc. Sizes are 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 (Bus). The pattern is free in exchange for the lid bearing the price from one 10½d. packet of Robin Starch or its equivalent from 5d., 2½d., 1½d. or 1d. packets. Post in sealed, stamped envelope with coupon below.

# ROBIN STARCH

**POST THIS COUPON**

To Pattern Dept., RECKITT AND SONS LTD., HULL

*I enclose Robin Starch lids bearing prices to the amount of 10d. Please send me pattern of Linen Overall (R.P.9.) size 32, 34, 36 38, 40. (Cross out sizes which do not apply).* 21/9.11.35

*Name*.....

*Address*.....

.....

### "John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee :— All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

*ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED*, Proprietors of "John Bull."

FALSE TEETH held firmly with KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE
IN POCKET SPRINKLER TINS — 1/3 OF ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES
A boon to singers, speakers, clergy and business people
FREE TRIAL — Send name and address Kolynos (Dept F22), Charles St., W.C.1

A TALE OF TWO SHEETS
Mrs. Davy has a wire to say her son is bringing his girl friend for the night. She finds she is short of sheets and telephones her sister-in-law to borrow one . . .
I'LL BRING THE SHEET ROUND AND HELP YOU WITH THE ROOMS
THANKS— I WANT EVERYTHING TO LOOK NICE FOR MOLLY
WHAT A LOVELY WHITE SHEET. HOW ON EARTH....
IT'S ONLY SINCE I'VE WASHED WITH OXYDOL MINE ARE SO WHITE
A WEEK LATER
WHAT A CHANGE OXYDOL HAS MADE! I'VE NEVER HAD SHEETS SO WHITE AND MY COLOUREDS ARE LIKE NEW
Try Oxydol just once and you'll be astounded at the difference of your wash. Whites so very white, colours fresh and clear. The reason is that Oxydol lather is so rich and creamy, it penetrates right between the threads of the fabric and gets out all the dirt—and reveals the true whiteness or colour. Big 3½d. packet and new giant 6d. size.
OXYDOL
GIVES A BIGGER TUB OF SUDS
OXYDOL
Thomas Hedley & Co. Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne.


# 'Old Bill'— PEACE-TIME HERO!

WILLIAM THOMAS RICKETTS belongs to the days of stout dray horses, teams and rumbling wheels. . . . "Bill," they called him when he dwelt in De Laune Street, Kennington.

He was a coal carman in his younger days, but now he is an inmate of the "Public Institution" in Westmoreland Road, South London.

Motors put him out of business, and at the age of sixty-two he is on the scrapheap, his little home has "gone west," his dreams of independence in the evening of his life have vanished.

His wife went through the battle they had for existence, but, following admission to the "institution," she died. The "workhouse" proved too much for her, and so Bill is left with nothing but his memories.

Like so many of the horses he proudly drove and cared for, Bill belongs to the days of glittering martingales and brass-bespangled check-reins. . . . For more than twenty years he was a familiar figure in the residential neighbourhood of Chelsea, delivering coal by the hundredweight or by the ton.

## *Racked with pain*

Back in 1896 he joined the Army, and was a soldier for five years; but he was disabled during training, and discharged. But though he missed the campaign in South Africa, he came forward for the Great War.

Bill was in his forties back in 1915, when he enlisted in Kitchener's "first hundred thousand"; but he went to France and stayed there until peace was signed.

His medals and a few odd letters from the Ministry of Pensions are all he has left to tell the story behind his four years' experience of war.

Bill suffered considerably from exposure, and he returned from France with rheumatism in every aching limb. From that time forward he was quite unable to carry on with his normal occupation

But he was awarded a life pension of 10s. a week, added to which was an allowance of 2s. 6d. a week for his wife; and it was with this meagre pittance he went to face the competition of younger men.

During the war Bill's daughter was blown up in an explosion at a munitions factory, in which she was fortunate to escape with her life, though her soldier husband was killed on the Somme.

## *His big task*

Bill himself was at the front when his wife moved into the rooms in De Laune Street, from which they were both eventually taken away in an ambulance to the "Institution."

He came back from the war and faced up to the task of securing employment, and for a time he was a carman in the employ of the old Great Eastern Railway. Carrying coals as he had done in former days was now beyond his strength.

But he was still able to drive and take care of horses, so that as long as his job lasted with the railway company he was content, and his wife was happy.

Disillusionment came when the powers-that-be decided to pool the railway resources of the nation, in course of which the Great Eastern Railway got itself amalgamated and Bill found himself back at the Employment Exchange looking for work.

Until this time he had never in his life found it difficult to get a job. He was well known among coal merchants and cartage contractors; his character was good, he was popular.

But now his age went against him. He was fifty and horses were steadily disappearing from the roads in town. His muscles stiff with rheumatism, Bill was unable to take on the job of carrying coals.

Things went badly with Bill and his wife for a year or two, for he was unable to work, and they were forced to fall back on their little savings.

The last thing Bill considered was application to the Board of Guardians, the body in those days responsible for assisting the poor. The word "charity" did not feature in the vocabulary of this former coal-heaver.

He set himself up as a greengrocer, selling vegetables and fruit to the housewives in Kennington from a barrow in the street; and for a time it looked as though, after all, Bill was going to get around the corner.

*After years of hardship his medals are all Mr. Ricketts has to show for his brave part in the war—and the peace-time struggles that followed*

## *Short of food*

Alas! for his hopes. The General Strike came, and with it widespread depression. There was no money about. Bill failed in business, though he managed with a struggle to pay his debts.

The wolf looked into that little Kennington home where Bill dwelt with his wife with a vengeance. The pension they shared was barely enough to cover the rent of the rooms they occupied. A time came when they frequently went short of food.

Bill went here, there and everywhere, looking for work, but usually in vain. An odd job lasted for a week or two, a job with a firm of hauliers lasted until the company abandoned horses in favour of motor transport.

The older Bill got the more difficult it became for him to secure employment. He sought around for help, at last, but in vain.

He was unemployed long enough to forfeit all claim to benefit under the National Insurance scheme. When he went to the Employment Exchange one Friday he found to his dismay that he had no more money to draw from that source.

Bill and his wife were thus forced back upon the pension of 12s. 6d. a week allowed him for his war disablement. A fresh phase of malnutrition began. The last year they dwelt together found the middle-aged couple often short of food, always short of necessaries.

In his day of distress Bill went to the Public Assistance Committee and secured from that authority an allowance amounting to 8s. 6d. worth of food each week.

## *Unable to help*

Bill did not find sympathy with the Public Assistance Committee. He waited in the queue with the rest and went through the prescribed form of interrogation.

He went home to his wife with the news of his humiliation, but there was none to comfort him, for neither he nor his wife were blessed with many relatives.

His war-widowed daughter was now in difficulties, for she had remarried, and her husband, a war-shattered man, was unemployed.

Bill was neither able to assist her, nor was she in a position to assist her parents.

A day came when neighbours saw very little of Bill and his wife. The door of the flat in De Laune Street was usually locked, but although it was known that Bill's wife was in ill-health, her state was not considered serious.

Bill looked after his wife to the best of his ability, and he was nursing her when for some unaccountable reason he developed the habit of peeping around the door at the neighbours as they passed.

He continued to draw the pitifully inadequate allowance of 8s. 6d. from the Public Assistance Authorities, and for more than a year he suffered want and starvation.

His daughter called one day only to find her mother desperately ill and Bill distracted. There was not a crumb, nor was there a penny in the house. Bill's daughter went for a doctor and the ambulance came.

Bill was admitted to one part of the "Institution" and his wife to another, though they were permitted to see each other every day. In the meantime the landlords took what was left of the home in an effort to recover £4 arrears in rent.

The loss of their home, humble though it was, proved a loss from which Bill's wife did not recover, and to make matters worse for Bill the Public Assistance authorities took possession of his pension to set off against his own and his wife's support.

Out of his war disability pension he is allowed 2s. 6d. a week, and he was wearing "institution" clothing when he was called to his wife's bedside to see her for the last time.

She died the following morning, and in order that he might not disgrace her the British Legion came forward with a suit for Bill to wear at her funeral.

That kindly thought of the British Legion is the one bright spot in the peace-time decline of "Old Bill," whose more recent troubles and anxieties are even more bitter and poignant than were those he endured in the war.

Little did he ever dream he would spend an Armistice Day reflecting upon those hardships—in the workhouse!

## DIAMOND GIFTS KEEP ON GIVING

Not only at Xmas but every day, year after year, DIAMOND Ware carries a pleasant reminder of the giver. It keeps on adding pleasure.

GIVE Diamond Ware this Xmas—the fine quality and attractive finish of these popular utensils means *lasting* pleasure; useful, suitable and fully guaranteed Diamond Ware is made by craftsmen from the finest British materials. Heavy gauge, strong handles, sound designs beautifully finished. You will enjoy giving Diamond—known everywhere as the best money can buy. *And every article carries written guarantee for all time.*

FERCOLATOR, the "CLASSIC" Model, removable percolator device inside. Bakelite handle. Polished finish *From 4/3*

STRONG KETTLE. Quick-boil type with safety pour spout. Non-split grip and knob. Polished finish ... *From 3/3*

CAFE TEAPOT. Very strong serviceable model. Hinged lid. Non-split Bakelite handle. CHROME FINISH. *From 6/-*

FACETED TEAPOT. Very attractive shape, clean pouring. Bakelite fittings. Polished finish ... ... *From 5/-*

Slightly extra for CHROME finish.

CHROME DIAMOND, the superior brilliant plated ware, makes ideal presents. Pure aluminium inside—thick durable lustrous chromium plating outside. Will not tarnish, never needs polishing, always bright and guaranteed permanent. Choose from the wide variety, available at your local dealers.

FOR ELECTRIC COOKING Diamond HOT PLATE Ware saves current and gives best results. The MACHINED flat base absorbs maximum heat thus reducing electricity bills.

THE LONDON ALUMINIUM CO. LTD.
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**TO HELP YOU WIN A SLOGAN PRIZE.**
(1) Look out for DIAMOND WINDOW displays.
(2) Ask your dealer for slogan entry form.
(3) Also ask (or send P.C. to manufacturers) for FREE BOOKLET "MODERN COOKING."

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# They're certainly right...

LLOYDS'

# BONDMAN

*is always*

# FRESH

– it's packed in Vacuum Tins

● BONDMAN RICH RUDDY VIRGINIA 11½d per oz.
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*Thinking of Christmas Presents?*

## HERE'S THE BEST GIFT OF ALL!

# Berkeley COMFORT

**10/- WITH ORDER**

*Fully Patented No. 414464*

HERE'S one Christmas Gift you *can* decide on now . . . something that is certain to give the most happiness and satisfaction—the *New* Berkeley Superlax. This is a chair of unrivalled comfort and beauty. Every hour spent in its cosy depths is a constant reminder of your kindly thoughts. Designed to suit everyone—tall or short—the NEW Berkeley Superlax also gives the perfect position of ease. With its patented automatic action any position from upright to lounging can be changed to without leaving the chair. The low price is possible only because this chair is a triumph of specialisation and huge output, and is sold from the great Berkeley factories direct to the public.

● more handsome design ● wider arms ● deeper back ● roomier seat ● seat and arms ALL-HAIR stuffed ● perfect springing ● better coverings ● back and seat easily removable for cleaning.

*Sold under our usual guarantee of money-back, if not satisfied, within seven days.*

**DELIVERED FREE in England, Wales and Scotland.**

THE *New Berkeley* SUPERLAX

IN B QUALITY COVERING CASH PRICE **67/6**

or 70/-—10/- with order and balance 10/- monthly

SETTEE to match £5 : 12 : 6

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(Dept. J.B.),
**70-78, Old Kent Rd., London, S.E.1**
*West-End Showrooms:* 133, Victoria Street, S.W.1;
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The Parade, High Street, WATFORD;
149, Becontree Avenue, Dagenham;
85, New Street, BIRMINGHAM;
71, Deansgate, MANCHESTER.
12, Poole Hill, BOURNEMOUTH.

**COUPON** Please send Catalogue of all Models of Berkeley Upholstery, together with complete range of Coverings.

*Name* _____

*Address* _____

*John Bull* _____



# 3 FREE GIFTS

**FOR ALL WHO DESIRE BEAUTIFUL HAIR**

**HARLENE HAIR GROWER & TONIC**

Performs wonders. Bald patches become covered with a healthy growth. Thin, skimpy, dull hair grows daily in luxuriance and strength. Harsh, brittle hair becomes marvellously fine in texture, soft to the touch, attractive and alluring to the eye. 1/1½, 2/9, and 4/9 per bottle.

**'CREMEX' SHAMPOO**

Thoroughly cleanses the hair—removing all Dust, Scurf and Dandruff. Free Burnishing Rinse included. Single Packets 3d. each or box of 7 Shampoos 1/6

**'UZON' BRILLIANTINE**

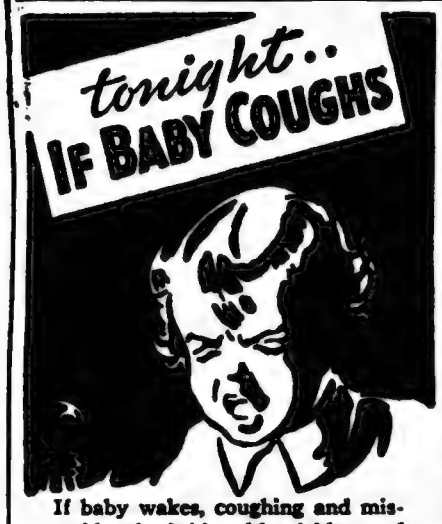
Gives the hair a glossy finish and keeps it in position all day. In Liquid or Solidified form, 1/1½ and 2/9 per Bottle, or 1/3 per Tin.

from all Chemists and Stores

**SAMPLE COUPON**

On receipt of this coupon and fourpence in stamps to cover the cost of postage and packing, a set of 3 'Harlene-Hair-Drill' samples and a Manual of Instructions will be sent to any address in the United Kingdom. Attach coupon to a plain sheet of paper bearing your name and address. Stamp your envelope with 1½d. stamp.

**EDWARDS HARLENE LTD. (H.802), 20-26, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.1.**




If baby wakes, coughing and miserable, check his cold quickly—and safely—with Vick brand Vapour-Rub. There is nothing for him to swallow. You just rub this pleasant ointment on his throat and chest.

Relief comes quickly, letting you and baby both return to sleep. And while you sleep, Vick brand Vapour-Rub goes on fighting the cold—in two ways at once.

1 **Penetrating.** Through the skin like a poultice, it "draws out" tightness, eases congestion.

2 **Vaporising.** At the same time, its healing medicated vapours go, with every breath, direct to the air-passages—where colds lodge.

By morning, almost always, the worst of the cold is over.

VICK VAPOUR-RUB

**FREE SAMPLES of New Companion-Product**—Now you can *prevent* many colds. Vick Chemists have just perfected a remarkable new formula—Vick-Vatrocol brand Nasal Medicament—specially designed for the nose, *where most colds start*. At the first warning sneeze or stuffiness, quick!—a few drops up each nostril! It stimulates Nature's own efforts to throw off a cold before it can develop. For a free sample, write Newbery & Phillips, Ltd., 31, Banner Street, London, E.C. 1.

**The real flavour comes through A.G**

To know *how good* your tobacco really is, roll in A.G. In this paper you do get the *real* tobacco flavour intended by the tobacco blenders. A.G. is thinner and chemical free. Your smokes will be worth more, yet they cost no more. Make sure of better smokes by making sure of A.G. You can now get A.G. in a really automatic packet. Insist on A.G.—it makes all the difference.

*Fits all machines and gives best results.*

AG PAPERS *Now packed in 2 styles*

THE NEW AUTOMATIC PACK COSTS NO MORE


# 'Dick Whittington' Comes True Again

ONE of the greatest fairy stories of all time—a story which is all the greater because it has the merit of being true—tells of a poor boy who heard the call of Bow Bells and obeyed them to become Lord Mayor of London.

American babies hear the story of Dick Whittington at their mothers' knees. It is told alike on the blistered verandas of Kenyan bungalows and in snow-bound cabins of the frozen North.

There are imperishable stories, like "Jack and the Beanstalk," "Goody Two-Shoes," "The Little Match Girl" and the like. And Dick Whittington is one of them.

Well, that story is going to come true again on November 9. London City is going to have another Dick Whittington.

He will sit in a golden carriage on that day, with all the clatter and colour and pageantry of the Lord Mayor's Show, and the multitude will cheer him as the new Lord Mayor of London.

Let us look at this new Dick Whittington. To be absolutely accurate, his name is Sir Percy Vincent, but in all important respects he is in the real Whittington tradition.

He heard the call of Bow Bells when a comparatively poor boy in Norfolk. They summoned him to London to work as an apprentice at a small draper's shop at Stratford.

There, as the industrious lad of all jobs, he was at everybody's beck and call.

## *Seen only once*

His ride in the golden coach, his curtseying acceptance of the City's purse and seals, and the wonderful Crystal Sceptre, which is the oldest piece of insignia in the world still following its original use (it is so treasured that they will not allow him to see it again during his year of office, and during the Great War, when the other City valuables were sent into Wales for safety, they buried it 120 ft. deep in the London clay), will be the glittering finale of London's Dick Whittington story of 1935.

It is really remarkable how often in the long history of London's Lord Mayors poor boys who have heard the magic call of London have become Chief Magistrate of this greatest City the world has ever known.

Prove Dick Whittington to be a myth to-morrow—which you can't—and the City annals will provide at least forty somewhat similar moral stories to take its place.

One, indeed, could provide an even better pantomime story than Dick himself. Edmund Osborne was his name.

See him trudging from Ashford in Kent to seek his fortune.

Watch the nervous twitchings of his pale face as his parents sign him away, until he reaches the age of twenty-one, to a City clothworker.

Notice his proud smile as he hears that his employer, Sir William Hewet, has been chosen Lord Mayor for 1559-60.

And now follow him to old London Bridge one dark night.

## *Child's cry*

The tide is swishing round the old piles, where the oil lamps are flickering eerily in the water. Voices are shouting, chains clanking. And over the din of the waterside he hears a scream, a child's shout of "Help!"

A header into the river where something dark and desperate is beating the water, and he finds a drowning girl in his arms. He drags her to safety, to the glow of the lamplight, and there discovers that the girl is the daughter of his employer himself, the Lord Mayor of London.

The daughter herself was his reward. Later he married her. Together they built up a business that prospered. And, trying to imitate his master in every respect, Edmund aimed to be Lord Mayor.

*Just like the fairy story of Dick Whittington's rise to be Lord Mayor of London is Sir Percy Vincent's career*

He succeeded, to stand on a scarlet dais and have sweet herbs strewn round him, to watch picturesque City figures with nosegays in their white-gloved hands give those three curious bobs known as the City reverences, to hear the shouts of "All! All!" when his name was suggested as Lord Mayor—a ceremony that follows just the same colourful course in these drabber days of 1935.

Meet another Dick Whittington, Christopher Pack was his name.

He was a very poor boy in Kettering when he made up his mind to find the golden pavements of London. He, too, came to London as a draper's boy, and a real little drudge he was.

But he was wonderfully grateful for his start in London, wonderfully loyal to his employer. Indeed, his master left him £100, which Christopher turned, by dint of tremendous energy and enthusiasm, into a big fortune.

So in 1654 he took in his hand the crystal sceptre that all Dick Whittingtons have handled—and, to add to the many achievements of his career, Cromwell knighted him.

## *Fled to sea*

We can skip a number of Whittingtons, because their stories are all so similar, to tell the story of one whose exploits would make a better Hollywood film than a pantomime. William Staines was his name.

He starved in London as a boy, tried his hand as a City apprentice, and then, tiring of the drudgery and semi-starvation of the life, ran away to sea.

Oh, the regrets that surged in William's breast when his ship tossed and twisted in the gales.

The times he wished he was out of it all, back on his little bed under the shop counter.

The plans he made to run back home again. His growing desperation as he saw no chance of doing so. And that frightful day when the French captured his ship and he stood there with sinking heart, wondering if it hurt to have your throat slit.

But they spared him, and one day, when he was still a youth in his teens, he found himself in London again. He went to his master and prostrated himself in penitence. Could he sleep under the counter again?

He was given his job back on undertaking to work for nothing, after reaching his twenty-first birthday, every day of those terrible months he had spent at sea.

Perhaps the immense efforts he made in an effort to rehabilitate himself helped him to become the big business success he did.

Anyhow, he became Lord Mayor of London—another Dick Whittington—and if he did have the stormiest year of office in history, with rioting going on most of the time, he won a place for himself in history.

There's great fame in being Lord Mayor of London—but no fortune.

Our greatest Lord Mayor will be described as having a salary of £10,000, which will be brought nearer to £12,000 with certain allowances—but he won't ever handle a penny of it.

The City will deduct it at source for certain expenses he will be bound to meet.

In fact, he will be anything from £10,000 to £20,000 out of pocket for being a Dick Whittington.

A nice £7,000 for official dinners. Another £2,000 for the upkeep of the Mansion House. Half the £4,000 cost of the Lord Mayor's Show and the Lord Mayor's Banquet. Then £500 for stationery. All these and more expenses he will have to meet.

He will pay for every official lunch, dinner and entertainment. He will make the judges, the Diplomatic Corps and many others his guests. He will find his own horses, pay his own servants and coachman, foot the bill for expensive livery and his own gorgeous robes.

That crystal sceptre will be about the only something-for-nothing thing he will handle.

And that will be whisked away until he hands it to his successor!

## EVERYBODY LIKES IT!

Enough is as good as a feast, and there are enough good things in "Christmas Pie" to make a banquet of happiness, good cheer and laughter.

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales sends a special message to its readers, and the profits from its sale will be devoted to the King's George's Jubilee Trust.

There are over a hundred brilliant all-photogravure pages, contributed to by the greatest of living authors and artists.

Help yourself to "Christmas Pie" to-day. One silver sixpence makes it yours—and you will be helping a good cause, too.

# *"it saved my Baby"*

**So many fretful, delicate babies — too weak to deal with other foods — have started a new life, all slumber and smiles, the day they were put on to Nestlé's Milk! Hundreds of mothers (and fathers too) write and thank Nestlé's for health and often the very life of their child. Simply because this pure nourishing goodness is gently digested without any effort at all.**

**A mother's word :—** *"her legs and arms were like sticks. She was losing several ounces in weight every week until a friend advised me to try Nestlé's Milk. I am very glad I did, as baby gains 6 to 10 ozs. every week."*

MRS. L. T., BRIGHTON, *whose letter may be seen at Nestlé's London Office.*

## CURDS—*and why*

1. *This is the large, indigestible curd which fresh cow's milk forms in the baby stomach.* 2. *And this is the fine soft curd formed by Nestlé's Milk. Light, small flakes, easily and rapidly digested. All the cream and goodness of rich farm milk is changed into sturdy flesh and bone — without any trouble at all.*

# NESTLÉ'S MILK

LARGE SIZE 7½D
SMALL SIZE 4D

## Latest Ambron Bargain for the full Figure - -

**FULL PRICE 12/6 ONLY.**

**Yours for 1/6 Deposit**

This Frock has carefully designed lines for the Matron's figure. Made in Woollen Fleck material. The bodice is cut with long lapels, trimmed self jabot and chromium clip. Tucked ivory satin vest is detachable, which is very practical for laundering. Skirt has ample walking room given by flat pleats under tucked gored centre front. All-round belt is finished with self-colour rosette slide.

Specially made for you and sent on home approval for first payment of 1/6, balance by monthly instalments of 2/6. (*See Coupon.*) You should not miss this opportunity.

**SIZES :** Hips 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56 ins. Lengths 44, 45, 48, 50 ins. (52 ins. 2/6 extra.)

**COLOURS :** Marine Green, Nut Brown, Plum, Jubilee Blue, Navy, Black.

*As each garment is specially made for each customer, there will be a delay of a few days in delivery.*

**D.R.112 BARGAIN COUPON**

Please send me, on approval, Frock D.R. 112, at present Bargain Price of **12/6**.

**Colour** .....

**Hip Measure**..... **Length**.....

I enclose **1/6** deposit, together with **6d.** postage, and will pay balance either in one sum or by monthly instalments of **2/6**. If I return Frock, unworn, at once, you will refund deposit. **Enclose Coupon, full name (Mrs. or Miss) and address and P.O. crossed thus / / in ink.**

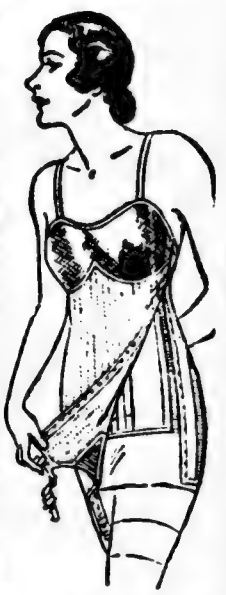
*Overseas, full cash only.*
*John Bull, 9/11/35. No. 509.*

Post your Order at once to—

**AMBROSE WILSON, Ltd., 509, Ambron House, 69, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1.**

**Then, Wonderful Value in Foundation Wear—**

## Nu-Style Ambron Corselette



**Sent on Approval for 1/- Deposit**

This is a model designed to ensure equal figure support in every pose or movement. And added to support are ideal comfort, fashionable outline and the delightful uphold of the underbelt. It is modelled in fine stripe Pink Coutille, with extending back and brassiere front of soft web net. Underbelt is side fastening, and there are four suspenders. See it, try on and realise its many advantages; just 1/- deposit, with instalment terms, if preferred.

**Bargain Full Price 8/11**

**NU STYLE MODEL COUPON**

Please send me, on approval, at this week's Bargain Price of **8/11**, an Ambron Nu-Style Model Corselette, to following measurements :—

**Bust**..... **Hips**.....

Sizes range from 30 ins. to 46 ins. bust.

I enclose **1/-** deposit, with **4d.** postage, and will remit balance of **7/11** either in one sum or by monthly instalments of **2/-** each. If not satisfied, and I return the garment at once, unworn, you will refund my deposit.

*Overseas, full cash only.*
*John Bull, 9/11/35. No. 409.*

Post your order to—

**AMBROSE WILSON, Ltd., 409, Ambron House, 69, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1.**

## HOW TO SAVE ON HOUSEHOLD BILLS

Here's a tip you'll find very useful. There's a new line at most grocers, made by the makers of Phillips Live Yeast. It is called Betox Extract and it will save you shillings on your food bills.

Betox gives a real, "professional" flavour to stews, hashes, and shepherd's pies, so that you can turn the "left overs" of cold meat into really delicious dishes that you can set before any guest.

And Betox does more than add flavour. It adds nourishment, too. It is made from the finest Yeast Extract and pure vegetable ingredients, so that, in addition to its lovely, meaty flavour, it is very nutritious.

There are two forms of Betox and you ought to try both. There's Betox Extract, at 6d. for a jar containing about 3 ozs. It is wonderful for making soups, stews, etc., and is excellent as a beverage or a sandwich spread.

Then for gravy making, there is also Betox Gravy Powder, a real gravy maker and not just a thickener. It is so economical that a 3d. packet makes 3 pints of delicious, rich nourishing gravy. If any difficulty in obtaining from your usual grocer, please send us a postcard with his name and address and we will send you a free sample of Betox Gravy Powder. Phillips Yeast Products, Ltd., Dept. 121, Park Royal Rd., London, N.W.10.

## GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

**Every Lady should write to-day for the GRAVES DISPLAY of up-to-date Fashions illustrating the latest ideas in Ladies' Wear, at prices which show a substantial saving. Wherever you live, our Keen Prices & Easy Terms are for YOU**

**BLENHEIM** This splendidly tailored Coat is cut on generous lines, and is produced in a **Heavy Nap Cloth** of thoroughly dependable quality & handsome appearance. The garment is in the fashionable 4-button double-breasted style with medium-wide collar and bold revers. There is a half belt at the back which has a centre seam opening into an inverted pleat at the hem. Coat is lined throughout with super quality Artificial Silk Twill. In Navy & Brown only. Sizes 8 S.W. to O.S., Busts from 32 to 39ins. Lengths: 46 to 50ins. Price **25/11**

**Terms : 2/6 Monthly.**

**WRITE FOR PATTERNS**

Send to-day for range of Patterns. Post Free. Coats, Costumes, Furs, Underwear, Robes, Frocks, &c., all in the newest styles. Ask for Patterns of any kind of garment required, and a splendid choice, with a self measurement form and all particulars will be sent per return of post.

**J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD**

**3/6 Monthly**

## HOW TO INCREASE YOUR WEIGHT.

### And Fill Out Scraggy Hollows.

Doctors know that Cod Liver Oil is full of vitamins that make flesh, create appetite, build up the power to resist disease and put good solid flesh on skinny men and women. But many people's stomachs rebel against its taste and smell.

So now men and women who keep up with the times are taking little sugar-coated tablets known as "Clotabs," rich in flesh-producing, health-building, strength-creating elements and vitamins, and as easy to take as sweets.

Try them for 30 days if you want to fill out those scraggy hollows in chest, cheeks and neck, and gain strength and vigour. And bear this in mind, if 30 days' treatment as prescribed doesn't help you, the makers will refund your money.

At all Chemists 1/3 and 3/- the bottle. Insist on Clotabs. For useful weight recording Chart send 1½d. in stamps to Macleans, Ltd., Gt. West Rd., Brentford, Mdx.

Most of us suffer at times with stomach trouble and are sometimes inclined to let it take its course and "right itself." You cannot afford to let these danger signals pass unheeded—that way leads to chronic indigestion and a life of misery.

The penalties of neglect are seen in everyday life, in a host of people who have become confirmed dyspeptics and spend endless time and money in a fruitless effort to regain their lost health. It is such a pity, when the means of recovery is so readily to hand.

Next time you have stomach trouble: pain after meals, sick headache, flatulence, take 'Milk of Magnesia.' You will be delighted at the instantaneous relief it gives. 'Milk of Magnesia' does its splendid work quietly and efficiently, by aiding nature. It neutralizes the excess acid in the stomach and gently expels the fermenting waste from the system.

'Milk of Magnesia' is as harmless as it is effective and is widely prescribed by doctors for men, women and children. Keep 'Milk of Magnesia' at hand and secure its wonderful help in maintaining your digestion unimpaired.

*Of all Chemists.*

***Prices: 1/3 and 2/6. The large size contains three times the quantity of the small.***

Also 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' brand TABLETS. In Handy Tin — Compact and Thin. 1/- per box — also family size bottle 2/-; of all chemists.

'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

*'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia*

**Lumbago**

**cured by Macleans Rub.**

Don't let lumbago make your life a misery. The great firm of Macleans have discovered a Rub which actually penetrates the skin and subcutaneous tissues to dissolve the uric acid crystals in the muscles and nerve sheaths. It brings relief almost immediately. Now sufferers from Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, Sciatica or any uric acid trouble can end their pain. Do not delay! Your pain can be conquered. Macleans Brand Rheumatic Rub is bound to bring you ease and comfort. Get a tube to-day. It is non-irritating, non-greasy, but it works like magic. Get a tube of Macleans Rheumatic Rub to-day. At all chemists, 1/3, or 3/- a very large tube. Money back if not satisfied.

*after* **SMOKING**

Soothe tickling throats. Freshen the mouth.

VICK LOZENGES 6d

DELIGHTFUL TO THE TASTE


*Girls taking instruction in the art of window-dressing. There's a lot to learn—but there's money in it!*

# The MAN *in the Shop-Window*

THE highly specialised business of window-dressing as it is known to-day dates back to the boom period just after the Great War; but as a profession it is much older.

About forty-five years ago some English "display men" went to America and were involved in a case brought about by the emigration law. They were classed as labourers and as labourers were taking jobs from Americans.

The judge summing up the case decided that window-dressing was a profession, and as professional men they were allowed to stay.

So window display is not nearly so young as some people think. The truth is that it has been revolutionised so much during the past twenty years that it seems as if modern window-dressing is a brand-new branch in the complicated procedure of marketing.

Anyhow, the basic reason for it is still the same—and that is to make the consumer come and buy.

Modern packaging and design, combined with the commercial age in which we live, are responsible for the modern method of display.

Gone are the days of stockily dressed windows—the window that was crammed from top to bottom with a multitude of merchandise.

## *Room for talent*

In its place has arrived the window that achieves attention by design rather than by vivid colouring or quantity of merchandise.

There are still a few businesses that favour the crammed window, chiefly grocers, sweetshops and ironmongers. They are still under the impression that unless they display everything they have to sell, the housewife will think they don't stock it.

This is an entirely mistaken idea. The inclusion of quite a large quantity of selected merchandise in the window does not preclude the need for a sound and striking design in its display.

During the past few years more and more men and women have taken up window-dressing as a profession, and have found it a lucrative one. There is still room for more with original ideas.

In all the big cities throughout the country educational centres are including window display in their curriculum, and there are also many schools that teach it. So there are plenty of opportunities for young men and women to master the art that gives us the perfect shop window.

Most big departmental stores employ a window-dresser for each department. There are others who engage a window display firm to design their windows.

Most of the tobacco companies and the big chemists employ their own display men, who are sent all over the country to dress the windows of retail tobacconists and chemists.

"What country possesses the best-dressed windows?" is a question very difficult to answer, as the audience in each country has a different temperament. In Germany shop windows are stolid, in France light and fantastic in England conservative, with but the slightest tendency to any revolutionary change.

## *The art of it*

But the principles of design are much the same, whether we see shop window displays in New York, London, Paris, Berlin, Stockholm or Copenhagen. They perform different functions and vary according to local conditions, but they are all stamped with the hall-mark of modern practicability.

The first essential of display is its ability to arrest attention. The method by which this quality is expressed must be an unmistakable one and the message must be forcefully and rapidly conveyed.

The idea must have a direct connection with the merchandise, for its value is determined just as much by its effectiveness as a selling link as by mere strength of design to attract the eye.

Perhaps "shop window-dresser" is a misnomer, if it suggests a pathetic little man draping an inanimate wax figure for no reason beyond the need to fill the window with something that can be obtained inside.

## *He's a psychologist*

A better title might be "shop window artist." A bare shop window is his blank canvas, and in it he should put all the vision and craftsmanship of the true artist.

Indeed, he must be more than an artist. He must be a master of psychology, he must know how to sway and influence his audience, know their weak spots and vanities. He must also have a knowledge of lighting effects, for much of the success of his display depends on the type and position of the lights.

He is, in fact, a most important member of the community because he can do much through his art to improve the trade of the country and bring about greater prosperity.

---

IN the smallest villages as well as in the great towns shopkeepers and shoppers are eagerly co-operating in ensuring the success of JOHN BULL'S third great Shop Window Display Contest, now in full swing.

Shopkeepers who have *not* already entered for the mammoth must-be-won cash prize of £1,000 should apply for details without delay to: JOHN BULL Window Display Contest, 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

For customers, too, there is a prize of £100 for the best advertising slogan of not more than twelve words relating to any product featured in a display marked with the JOHN BULL Window Display Contest sign, between October 1 and December 31. Entry forms can be obtained at the shops where you see this sign.

A selection of the slogans sent in will be published each week, each sender receiving £1. Here are those selected for last week:

BOVRIL:—"*Back Bovril for the Human Race—it's a winner.*"—*Mrs. R. Gold, Ross House, Tankerton Road, Tankerton, Whitstable.*

IMPREGNABLE BOOTS:—"*Wearers 'walk on velvet.'*"—*Mr. C. Morrison, 3, Greenhill Avenue, Tenby, Pembs.*

Further slogans next week.

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*Race with "Silver Ring"*

# LIVERPOOL'S MIXED GRILL

LIVERPOOL'S mixed programme which will be staged at Aintree this week is an indication that in a short while the jumpers will once again have the field to themselves.

Racegoers will give the Grand Sefton runners a good look over in the hope of finding the winner of the Grand National.

The last 'chaser to win both events was Shaun Goilin.

I note that Lord Derby, who has such a big following at Liverpool, has Hillsbrook engaged. Captain Whitaker purchased this very nice jumper for him in Ireland.

Rod And Gun, who won the Amateur Riders' Blue Riband at Cheltenham last March, is another to catch the eye. Others to note are St. Tewdrick, a typical Aintree type, Top Tol and Aureate Earth.

The last-mentioned won at Sandown recently in fine style, and, as he may be more forward than most of his rivals, I choose him for the Liverpool prize.

I have mentioned five 'chasers. They are all young as cross-country performers go and are likely to gain Aintree honours.

The Autumn Cup looks to be a good consolation for one of the Cambridgeshire horses. Seventeen of them held the liability, but a few went out at the acceptance stage. If the going is not too firm I would have a little on British Quota.

Another failure, Pegasus, may atone in the Grosvenor Cup event.

## "SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, November 7, to Wednesday, November 13.

R 98 T F 94 M P Q C 93 B A K X U Z
H J I 95 S O Y 97 L W N 96 G E D V

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: RMYCTIX would read HOPLITE. Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. IMO296MG would read TOMMAOK.

CAPSTAN CIGARETTES
PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED

10 for 6d.
20 for 11½d.

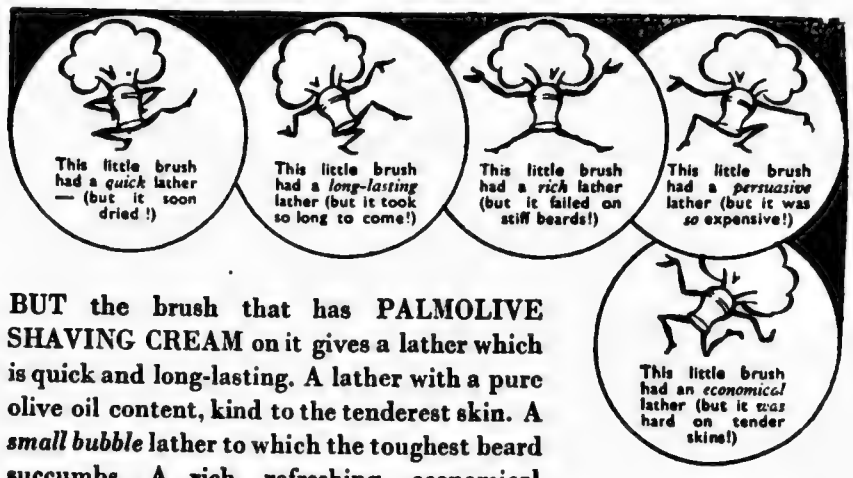
*As they say in Piccadilly:*

**BETTER BUY CAPSTAN.**

***they're blended better***

***- they're Wills's!***

6.C.485D


This little brush had a *quick* lather — (but it soon dried !)
This little brush had a *long-lasting* lather (but it took so long to come!)
This little brush had a *rich* lather (but it failed on stiff beards!)
This little brush had a *persuasive* lather (but it was *so* expensive!)
This little brush had an *economical* lather (but it was hard on tender skins!)

BUT the brush that has PALMOLIVE SHAVING CREAM on it gives a lather which is quick and long-lasting. A lather with a pure olive oil content, kind to the tenderest skin. A *small bubble* lather to which the toughest beard succumbs. A rich, refreshing, economical lather which multiplies itself 250 times.

# The 5 times better Shaving Cream!

6D AND 1/-

ED. SHARP & SONS, LTD., Maidstone.

## *Girl Who Was Fading Away.*

**"IT WAS PITIFUL TO SEE HER."**

"My daughter Harriet, who is in her seventeenth year, grew so pale and thin that it was pitiful to see her," says Mr. F. C. King, of 20, Victoria Street, Eccles, Kent. "The poor girl could not eat and she fell away to a shadow. She had six or seven fainting bouts a day, and at last became too weak to walk.

"After we had tried every remedy we could think of without avail, we were recommended to give her Dr. Williams pink pills. Soon after commencing the pills, the colour began to return to Harriet's cheeks. Then her appetite picked up and she slept well. Before long she was able to walk without help, and now she can run up and downstairs, do the housework, and she never seems tired."

The reason for the remarkable success of Dr. Williams brand pink pills is really quite simple. It is this: these pills create new, rich blood, and this new blood brings with it new health, new vigour, and strong, steady nerves.

If you are a victim of ill-health, take a course of these pills now; 1s. 3d. a box (triple size 3s.)—but ask for Dr. Williams.

## MAKE-UP WILL NOT HIDE IMPERFECT SKIN!

**SPECIAL FREE OFFER**

Send a post-card to-day for a liberal sample bottle of D.D.D. Prescription to D.D.D. Laboratories, M.N.31 Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4

CREAMS and powder will only partially disguise a blemished skin. The only perfect base for make-up is a charming, spotless skin. D.D.D. Brand Prescription is a sure remedy for enlarged pores, spots, pimples, as well as for disfiguring Eczema, Rashes, Blackheads, Chilblains, or other skin diseases. A few drops of this marvellous preparation give instant relief. Buy a 1/3 bottle to-day at your chemist.

**D.D.D.** BRAND **PRESCRIPTION**

**Banishes Skin Troubles**

## PILES can be Ended

There are thousands of men and women who suffer awful agony day and night because of pile trouble, who do not know that every chemist stocks a special remedy that does most surely and quickly banish the misery of this wretched trouble.

Make a confidant of your chemist. Ask him about Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy. He will tell you this is no ordinary ointment, but a soothing, healing, strengthening balm that at once stops the intense irritation and clears away internal, external, sore or bleeding piles.

The unique tube in which Man Zan is sold makes this preparation so easy and clean to use. The big size supply costs but 3/-, usually sufficient to clear away the most difficult case.

Remember the name of this special remedy for pile trouble—

**Man Zan**

BRAND

**PILE REMEDY**

**Rub colds away**
WITH THE NEW
**Mistol Rub**

Mistol Rub quickly relieves chest colds. Its new scientific base permits the soothing medicaments to get to work immediately — loosening up chest congestion, making breathing easier, and healing inflamed membranes. Harmless and clean to use, Mistol Rub is ideal for children.

TWO SIZES
1/- and 1/9

FOR HEAD COLDS, OF COURSE USE
**Mistol Drops**

**BETS BY POST**
DAILY LETTER COMMISSIONS bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of any race in accordance with rules for
**Horse, Pony, or Greyhound Racing**
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# Election Lie we don't want to HEAR

THE fallacious falsehood of peace based on increased armaments. This lie is born of financial manipulators and traffickers in arms who thrive on war and rumours of war.

We need have no insight of the future: the blood-stained pages of history bear sufficient witness in terms of human suffering that armament races and peace are not synonymous.

I pray that the British public will not again be deluded, for they it is who foot the butchers' bill.—*V. L., Maidstone.*

## Not Wanted

The 95 per cent. prosperity yarn is not wanted. Prosperity means having wants satisfied, and ninety-five of every hundred should be in that happy position.

Yet I know men who are working and are living in poverty due to poor wages, widows compelled to exist on 10s. weekly, and old-age pensioners eking out a miserable existence on the same amount.

What lies figures can tell! And figures that lie are definitely not wanted at election time.—*Mrs. R., Southend.*

## The Public Pays

"That if rearmament takes place no profiteering will be allowed."

When an increase in the strength of our Air Force was recently decided upon, this promise was made in the House of Commons by a Cabinet Minister, yet in the short period which has elapsed since that statement aircraft shares have risen in value by hundreds of pounds.

So long as private individuals are permitted to deal in arms, huge profits will be extracted from the public's pocket. Nothing short of complete Government control of all munition works can prevent it.—*D. D., Aston.*

## Carries Little Weight

That to Nationalise our two key industries—the railways and the mines—would lead to inefficient working and throw an additional burden upon the taxpayer.

In view of the fact that our State-owned Post Office is recognised the world over as a striking example of efficiency, which puts millions annually into the coffers of the Exchequer, such an argument can carry very little weight.

Coal and transport are the pivots on which the wheels of commerce revolve. Is it, then, logical to allow such vital services to be in any hands than those of the State?—"*Creed,*" *Somerset.*

## Candidate's Kiss

Mother of seven, and with the youngest still unweaned, I don't want to hear the most subtle lie of all—the sound of the candidate's kiss on a baby's face.

In between tending my brood I've done a bit of thinking and reading, and have arrived at the conclusion that such pecking stunts are a reflection on parental intelligence.

I propose to use such brains as God has given me, and do not intend to let my candidate hold my baby momentarily, so that I may be persuaded to "hold the baby" for him until the next election.—*Mrs. M., Roker.*

## Misleading Statements

A repetition of the subtle, misleading statements regarding unemployment at present placarded on the National Government's Prosperity Posters.

My close connection with a Board of Guardians has shown me that the number of unemployed taken from the "dole" and thrown back on the rates has increased during the past three years by over 20 per cent.

Despite the extravagant claims made concerning the reduction in the number of workless, the searchlight of publicity would, if accurately focused, reveal the skeleton of unemployment as gigantic as ever in the cupboard of Poor Law Relief. —"*Veredene,*" *Glos.*

## Would Not Suffer

Although I have always voted for my Conservative candidate, the lie that annoys me most in political campaigning is that "if Labour gets the reins of Government in England the rest of Europe will lose confidence in our nation."

I have heard this stated openly, but more often it is inferred by cunning innuendo.

The Labour Party candidates to-day are as intelligent, far-seeing and as capable of running the State as their political opponents. No, the prestige of this country would not suffer under a Labour Government.—*H. C., Paignton.*

## Impressed, Until . . .

Having attended election meetings of all the political Parties during the last three General Elections, I was impressed by one particular Party claiming loyalty to the Crown as its own especial virtue.

The Jubilee celebrations have dispelled that idea for ever, as all classes, creeds and Parties gave a spontaneous exhibition of warmth and loyalty to their Majesties that will not be easily forgotten.

So I don't want to hear that loyalty to the throne is the sole prerogative of any particular Party.—*S. D., Ilkeston.*

## What Now?

In this election campaign I do not wish to hear that the National Government has maintained the prestige of Britain.

I was in Scandinavia during the end of September when this country was making her great stand for the League of Nations and the prevention of war. England's prestige ran very high then, and her action in increasing her Mediterranean Fleet was commended on every side.

They looked to—and expected—"mighty England" to prevent the imminent massacre. The war started and Britain's attitude weakened. What do they think of England now?—*F. M., Birkenhead.*

## Prematurely Aged

Imagine a packed hall; it is question time. A woman stands up—a woman who, though only thirty, looks fifty.

"Are you a friend of the miner?" she demands.

The National Conservative candidate smiles upon her. "Madam," he beams, "my Party has always been on the side of the miner. If successful this election, we shall do all in our power to see that he receives his just and lawful dues."

That's the lie I don't want to hear this election.—*J. L. M., Bradford.*

## Combined Efforts

Thousands of thriving little businesses in streets of houses which are condemned have been ruined because of the niggardly compensation paid when the property has been demolished.

So I don't want to hear the election lie of "If you get me in I promise you will get full value for outlay and expenditure on your business, so that you will be able to open up a modern-fitted shop."

It will take the combined efforts of the general public to keep that promise—not a lone Member of Parliament.—*K. J. F., Staffs.*

## How Could It?

The falsehood that will fall from the lips of candidates in every constituency in the country—that this appeal to the electorate was necessary.

How *could* it be, when the Government had a majority more than ample to enable them to carry out any international policy within reason?

I don't wish to hear that prevarication, because I know that bringing in the unwanted turmoil of a General Election is simply political stratagem, making believe the Government comes to the country under the shadow of international trouble—and so concealing domestic issues left undone.—"*Solo,*" *Exmouth.*

# FOOTBALL SELECTIONS

**By our Expert—for Matches Played on November 9**

**FIRST DIVISION.**
(1) MANCHESTER C. v. Everton.
(2) STOKE v. Bolton
**(3) SUNDERLAND v. Preston.
(4) W.B. Albion v. Portsmouth.
(5) Arsenal v. Derby.
(6) BIRMINGHAM v. Brentford.
(7) Blackburn v. HUDDERSFIELD.
(8) Chelsea v. MIDDLESBROUGH.
*(9) GRIMSBY v. Wolverhampton.
(10) Leeds v. Wednesday.
(11) LIVERPOOL v. Villa.

**SECOND DIVISION.**
(1) Forest v. Barnsley.
*(2) SHEFFIELD U. v. Burnley.
(3) SOUTHAMPTON v. Charlton.
(4) SWANSEA v. Manchester U.
(5) WEST HAM v. Hotspur.
(6) BLACKPOOL v. Plymouth.
(7) Bradford v. Fulham.
(8) BURY v Newcastle.
(9) DONCASTER v. Bradford C.
**(10) LEICESTER v. Port Vale.
(11) NORWICH v. Hull.

**SOUTHERN SECTION.**
(1) Newport v READING.
(2) Q.P. RANGERS v. Boscombe.
*(3) SWINDON v. Northampton.
**(4) TORQUAY v. Orient.
(5) Watford v. Luton.
(6) ALDERSHOT v. Southend.
(7) Brighton v. Gillingham.
(8) Bristol City v. Notts.
(9) COVENTRY v. Palace.
(10) Exeter v. Cardiff.
(11) MILLWALL v. Bristol Rovers

**NORTHERN SECTION.**
**(1) OLDHAM v. New Brighton.
(2) ROTHERHAM v. York.
**(3) TRANMERE v. Accrington.
*(4) WALSALL v. Southport.
(5) Wrexham v. Barrow.
(6) Carlisle v. Chester.
(7) DARLINGTON v. Stockport.
(8) GATESHEAD v. Crewe.
(9) Halifax v. Chesterfield.
(10) HARTLEPOOLS v. Lincoln.
(11) Mansfield v. Rochdale.

**SCOTTISH LEAGUE.**
**(1) MOTHERWELL v. Arbroath.
*(2) PARTICK v. Third Lanark.
(3) Queen's Park v. Hamilton.
(4) Queen of South v. RANGERS.
(5) ST. JOHNSTONE v. Aberdeen.
*(6) AIRDRIE v. Ayr.
(7) Clyde v. Albion Rovers.
(8) Dundee v. Dunfermline.
(9) Hibernian v. CELTIC.
(10) Kilmarnock v. HEARTS.

## SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Example Code.—Div. I.—3 (*H*); Div. II.—10 (*H*); Southern Section—1 (*A*); Northern Section—3 (*H*); Scottish League—9 (*A*) would indicate Sunderland, Leicester, Reading, Tranmere and Celtic.

## OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published, 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post Tuesday, November 12.

***The Real Sin Against Sunday***
(*See page 30*)

A little Afrikander Shag goes a long, long way. Slow-burning, smooth and satisfying. TRY IT!

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*H. A. WILD.*

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RHYTHM Lovely Evening Gown in a heavy plain Artificial Silk Satin of excellent quality. Cut with V neck trimmed with diamante clip, and gracefully gathered in front. The low back has piping laced through loops to tie in a bow, whilst the skirt, which is cut on the cross, has a let-in front panel and full flare at the hem. Shades: Pink, Turquoise, and Black. Sizes: S.S.W. to W. Bust: 33 to 36in. Lengths: 48 to 56in. 12/11

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URACE brand TABLETS have done my Rheumatism a lot of good—backache and stiffness have entirely gone. I can now move about with ease. Nurse J. K——. Free sample from Newbery & Phillips, Ltd., 33m, Banner Street, London, E.C.1. From your Chemist, 1/3 and 3/-.

*Your Ever-Ready Razor is keen to shave you*

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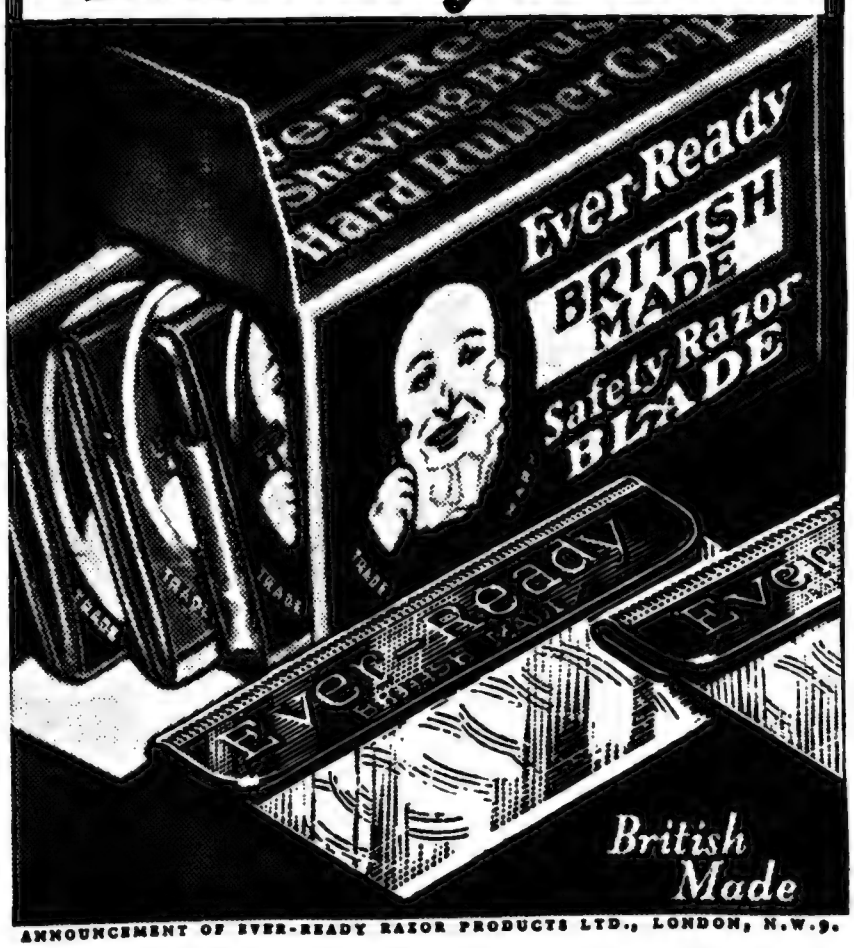
## Ever-Ready BLADES

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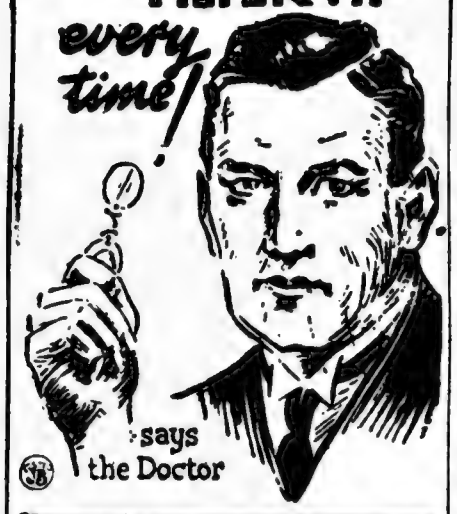


because—they are so kind to my throat—they absorb all irritants common to tobacco ; they also save my pocket.

You see ! I bought the Rizla One-Hand Pouch for 4d. It contains everything necessary to make perfect Filter Tip Cigarettes ; the Machine on the Pouch is ingenious and yet so simple.

And if it is a question of economy—a pennyworth of Rizla Filter Tips makes 10 extra cigarettes, or 30 to 36 from an ounce of tobacco, saving nearly £10 a year.

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# The Editor Laughs Last

*Mrs. V. (Stoke).—"Wives leave their husbands standing when it comes to shopping." We know.*

A. W. (Ely).—"What does 'a wife who wears the trousers' really mean?" What she says.

TOM (Appleby).—"My wish in life is to own a large orchard." We trust it may bear fruit.

TRAINER (Bermondsey).—"Assisting at a boxing match isn't a job for dawdlers." It's a matter of seconds.

DABBLER (Northampton). — "I have succeeded in inventing a new type of dress-fastener." But will it catch on?

DAD (Truro).—"I need only one thing to make me consent to my daughter getting married." That's a good chap!

JAMES (Altrincham).—"To appease my wife's anger I bought her a new refrigerator." And did it cool her down?

TIPS (Thame).—"If you suffer from lumbago what is better than a prolonged application of a very warm flat iron?" Lumbago.

MISS PAM (Manchester).—"My chemist charged me 3s. 6d. for a peroxide preparation which made my hair mousy-coloured." That was hardly fair.

TOM P. (Burnley).—"I read that as part of their training a football team was going out rabbiting." To improve their shooting of course.

DORIS F. (Blackburn).—"My brother, who is an airman, is always telling us how he discovered a new lake while flying in Africa." He keeps going over it?

MARRIED (Putney).—"Believe it or not, but I am a woman who is convinced that three is company and two is none." And how old is the baby now?

R. B. (Dorchester).—"He lost his job as bacon slicer in a provision shop through being late." He shouldn't have cut it so fine.

ROBERT (Edinburgh).—"I always keep my eyes open when I want to see what is going on." You couldn't choose better things to keep open.

NOVELIST (Chelsea).—"When taxpayers learn that they are to pay more to the Government, what do the poor sheep do?" Rush for their pens.

CRITIC (Fleet Street).—"Many film actresses become quite attracted to the camera men on the set." They're certainly taken by them.

MRS. T. (Derby).—"My extreme excitability has resulted in my being indisposed for several days." Run down through being all wound up?

"CRAZY" (Goole).—"Like a fool, I've actually fallen in love with a girl in a picture book. What would you advise me to do?" Cut it out.

TEACHER (Durham). — "We teachers have strict orders not to lose our tempers, but I lost mine recently, and damaged the 'T' square in consequence." You broke the rule.

GROCER (Oldham).—"She was angry, calling me a maggot, just because I had not the cheese she required." Of course, if you told her you had just run out of it!

MRS. E. A. C. (Streatham).—"I was going to complain about a tenant leaving a perambulator in the hall, but I see there is sufficient room allowed for one to get by." Then it's passable.

ARTIST (Christchurch). — "Our Old Masters had no use, for the most part, for mere dusk and moonlight in their landscapes." But our young masters—and misses—have.

PADDY (Gloucester).—"So angry did he make me with his insults, that I walked into the river and set about him as he sat in his boat." You waded into him, in fact.

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature — you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

D. M. (Guildford).—"A little thing may upset the digestion for days." Just a trifle.

MUSICIAN (Ealing). — "Do violinists make good husbands?" If they play second fiddle.

MRS. W. (Norwood).—"What is the real object of a car race at Brooklands?" The winning post.

E. C. (Newport).—"A newspaper man can easily tell a scrounger." He recognises the type.

MONEYLENDER (London, E.C.). — "I always take interest in a borrower's principle." And so make interest on your principal?

D. B. (Deal).—"At a juvenile fishing competition a boy of five landed a catch weighing 2½ lb." Apparently toddlers are no longer content to capture tiddlers.

W. E. (Highbury).—"A successful football team always has a bigger number of fans than an unsuccessful one." They're hotter.

W. R. A. (Liverpool).—"My tailor is having a very successful ring career." Evidently he's used to taking his opponent's measure.

PHOTOGRAPHER (Ayr).—"My dark room is complete with modern apparatus and I am very proud of it, although my friends do not seem very enthusiastic." They can't see much in it?

B. L. (Tring).—"When a man pays a large sum to an expert to trace his family tree he generally stops if an utter fool is discovered among his ancestors." You mean he doesn't go further than the sap?

M. N. (Brixton).—"I happen to know that one of your staff visited our amateur play, in which I am the leading man. I'd like to know what he thinks of my execution." He's in favour of it.

T. C. (Oxford).—"Show me the word I don't know the meaning of." Nuisance.

DAN (Reading).—"My undergraduate son told me the other day he didn't know what earth tremors were." Great shakes!

FRANK (Birmingham).—"I once heard of a burglar who was fond of skipping." With a rope of pearls, we suppose.

TRADESMAN (Brixton).—"I have been riding the same bicycle for twenty-five years." But not without a brake.

LECTURER (Hull).—"Some things cannot be taught." Any school teacher knows that.

J. T. (Streatham).—"I am crazy to write a long poem entitled 'Autumn.'" We agree.

HOUSEWIFE (Coniston).—"Most squeaks in a house can be silenced by a little oil." But a cat is needed for some.

D. R. J. (Birmingham).—"Fencers are generally very quick-witted." They are certainly never slow to see the point.

ARTIST (Chelsea).—"My wife, contrary to my wishes, insists on being my model, an attitude which puzzles me." She's a poser.

E. N. (Farnborough).—"What can I do to save the fox raiding my chicken-run?" Get rid of your chickens.

TOM B. (Dunstan).—"I accidentally passed his house on the way, and when I did find it his speech was over." So you missed his address.

INDIGNANT (Ealing).—"Japan makes millions of toy motor-cars and engines every year, and where do they all wind up?" At the back, as a rule.

GALLERYITE (Manchester).—"A beauty chorus will never give a normal man a pain in the neck." Unless he cranes it forward too eagerly.

HAROLD J. (St. Albans).—"What would *your* wife do if you told her you'd been tidying up the kitchen?" Hurry away and put everything right again.

HARRY (Oundle).—"My wife and I got on splendidly for several years and what do you think happened then?" She returned.

CRIME STUDENT (Grimsby).—"I have found that, contrary to general opinion, most American gangsters take life very seriously." And, we notice, fairly often.

J. L. (Carnarvon).—"He lives in a motor-caravan and uses it as a movable residence." Well, it's one way of keeping the home going.

BARRISTER (London).—"One slip can land a man in the gutter." Yes, orange peel and banana skins have a lot to answer for.

P. T. (Stratford).—"Are we in for another 'green' Christmas?" It may be a golden one for you and yours—and a red-letter day for some poor kiddies in your district. See big offer of Cash and Christmas Feasts on page 47.

ANIMAL-LOVER (Newmarket).—"At any rate, the anti-betting fanatic has no case against the beautiful horses one sees at race meetings." He has nothing on them.

DEBTOR (Leeds).—"Because my creditors were insulting to me, I refused to pay them out." But was that not paying them out?

T. A. (Renfrew).—"My son talks from morning till night about his wireless set, and I'm sick of it." So you don't want to hear it.

DISGUSTED (Bournemouth).—"All these slot machines are nothing more or less than gambling machines, for you are never sure what you are going to get for your money." Especially at the public telephone box!

*(Many replies unavoidably held over)*

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# If you

have already reached this stage you may as well abandon hope. The chances are that your hair roots are dead; and what is dead stays dead. But if tiny hairs still show, your hair roots may still be alive; and while there's life there's hope. Try the effect of Pure Silvikrin* for a month or two. For, though you are a victim of severe scalp starvation, perseverance with Silvikrin may produce results quite as astounding as doctors have frequently observed in cases quite as bad as yours.

# If you

are afraid—owing to the rate your hair is disappearing—of going bald, there is no time to lose. Yours, too, is a case of acute scalp starvation. Use Pure Silvikrin* for one month. Silvikrin, the natural hairfood, stops scalp starvation by supplying the 14 organic substances which your system is failing to supply in sufficient quantity for healthy hair growth. That is why it revives the natural, normal function of the hair-forming tissues, promotes hair growth and removes dandruff almost overnight.

# If you

envy the condition of other men's hair, you have only yourself to blame. You can end all your hair worries to-day, by taking advantage of one of the greatest hair culture inventions ever made. No more dandruff. No more fear of looking years older because your hair is falling out. Not if you use Pure Silvikrin*. Your scalp will become clean and healthy, new hair grows and dandruff is quickly removed. Your hair will regain its natural luxuriance and lustre. And to keep it like that, keep up the Silvikrin Habit. Use Silvikrin Hair Conditioning Lotion as your daily hair dressing.

# If you

notice hair coming out on the comb or brush every morning, or dandruff on your coat collar every day, you are no doubt using the wrong hair dressing. For the right hair dressing prevents your hair getting into such a state. Change to Silvikrin Hair Conditioning Lotion. It contains Pure Silvikrin* which combats scalp starvation; nourishes the hair roots; drives out dandruff; stimulates hair growth; maintains hair health. Get the Silvikrin Habit and get to the root of hair trouble. Use Silvikrin Lotion to put your hair in perfect condition—and keep it immaculate with Silvifix Hair Cream.

From Chemists, Hairdressers & Stores.

* **PURE SILVIKRIN** is the natural organic hair food that supplies the scalp with the substances indispensable for the growth of hair in a form identical with that which the human system itself normally produces. It was invented by the famous biologist Dr. Weidner; is endorsed by scientific authorities; has been proved efficacious by thousands of people.

**As a daily dressing, for protection against dandruff and falling hair:**

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| Silvikrin Hair Conditioning Lotion ... | ... 1/6 & 3/6 |
| Giant Economical Sizes ... ... | ...9/- & 15/- |
| Silvifix Hair Cream ... ... ... ... | 1/6 |

**For serious cases of falling hair and restoring new hair growth:**

Pure Silvikrin Outfits for one month, 6/- & 7/6.

**FREE:** The booklet, "YOUR HAIR," written by a specialist of world-wide reputation, gives useful advice for the preservation of luxuriant healthy hair. Sent post free on request to Silvikrin Laboratories, London, N.10

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THERE'S a new interest in life nowadays. He's fed on ALL-in-ONE now, and, like every other dog, he finds its delicious "meatiness" simply irresistible.

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**FREE TRIAL SUPPLY.**

We would like you to see how your dog will relish ALL-in-ONE. A postcard will bring a generous FREE trial supply. (Please mention name and address of your usual Dealer.)

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# CHEST COLD REMOVED OVERNIGHT!

Simply rub on this clean, stainless ointment. You'll feel its glowing, healing warmth doing you good at once. Next morning the cold will be gone. It's this "deep healing" which is the secret. Better than a mustard plaster—it will not burn or blister. Don't suffer a day longer. Get a jar from your chemist today. Costs 2/6d. but is very economical as owing to its great penetrating power, you use very little at a time. Once you have tried it, you will never be without it. It is a regular "family friend."

A Westcliff-on-Sea user says:—

*"I am writing to tell you how much my family and I have benefited by your wonderful preparation, Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment. It is truly remarkable how the most stubborn chest cold yields before it. I really believe that Musterole is infallible."*

At all Chemists 2/6

**MUSTEROLE** BRAND

MUSTARD OINTMENT

Gives *certain* relief in cases of CHEST COLDS, COUGHS, SORE THROAT, CONGESTION, MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM, ACHES AND PAINS IN BACK, STIFF MUSCLES, etc. Has saved thousands from PNEUMONIA after FLU and COLDS.

Thos. Christy & Co. Ltd., 4-12, Old Swan Lane, E.C.4

**Simpkins**

**CHEMISTS CONFECTIONS**

Made from Glucose reinforced with Dextrose Powder. They are more re-vitalising than ordinary sweets. In various flavours. Also available with medicinal content. Ask your chemist.

Send 3d. stamps, with name of your Chemist, for generous sample.

Simpkins, Dept. 101, Barley Sugar Works, Sheffield 6.

**GRAVES** BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

8/2 per month (less than 2½d. a day) buys the Graves "FLIGHT" Cycle with Dunlop Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chromium Plate, Raised or Dropped Handlebars. Lady's or Gent's with Accessories. Carr. Paid £3:17:6 or 8/2 monthly. No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer 3-Speed £4:17:6 or 8/6 monthly. Catalogue Free. Ladies', Gent's, Juveniles', and Tandemmen's Cycles, Tandems, Roadsters, Racers, Club Medals

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

5'2 new

469 X-WORD XMAS HAMPERS
WERE WON LAST YEAR
Capture yours
GIANT HAMPERS
TO ARRIVE JUST BEFORE DEC. 25, EACH CONTAINING:
Plump Xmas Fowl · Sausages
Xmas Pudding · Cake
Fruit · Chocolates
Cigarettes · Crackers
Biscuits · Fine Old Port
...ONE WITH EACH PRIZE OF £1 OR OVER THIS WEEK
HUGE 3-IN-1 FIRST PRIZE
£5 MONTHLY FOR LIFE
with £500 CASH plus £25 XMAS CHEQUE YEARLY
OR ONE LUMP SUM OF £850
..JOHN BULL'S "GREAT DOUBLE-PENSION" OFFER
£100 Cash between all Runners-up
XMAS HAMPERS as announced
UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS
On Wednesday, November 27, we shall forward to each sender of solution containing one error more than Runners-up, a Special Surprise Award,
EACH WITH £1 BONUS OFFER

CHRISTMAS draws nearer and nearer—and here is the last of our big one-week offers of Cash and Giant Hampers. Besides offering a splendid Christmas Feast to every winner of £1 or over in this week's Contest, "John Bull" places within your reach to-day a Double Life Pension and a fortune for solving the entertaining puzzle on this page. Yes, use common-sense and care with those intriguing Clues and, on Thursday, November 21, a thrilling Joy Wire from "John Bull" may congratulate you on securing £500 cash, £5 monthly Life Pension and a £25 Christmas-box every December for the rest of your life!

Let us remind you that 74 entrants have already won a giant "John Bull" Crossword First Prize outright—there is no reason, therefore, why you should not stand alone at the head of this week's seasonable prize-list. Moreover, no fewer than 469 competitors won giant Xmas Hampers last year, so what 469 others have done is also possible for you.

But remember — to secure a fine Cash-plus-Hamper award from this week's prize-list, your entry must reach "John Bull" by noon, Thursday, November 14.

JOHN BULL will pay a Life Pension of £5 Monthly and £500 in cash plus £25 Xmas Cheque Yearly for Life (or a lump sum of £850) for a correct Solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct Solution the prize will be awarded to the sender whose entry is the nearest correct Solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning Solution. Giant Xmas Hampers—one to each winner of £1 or more this week. A Surprise Award, with £1 Bonus Offer, will be sent to each sender of a square containing one error more than Runners-up. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, November 21, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, November 28.

## "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 329—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, NOV. 14, 1935.

JB 329

In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value ..... No. .....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

SIGNED .....

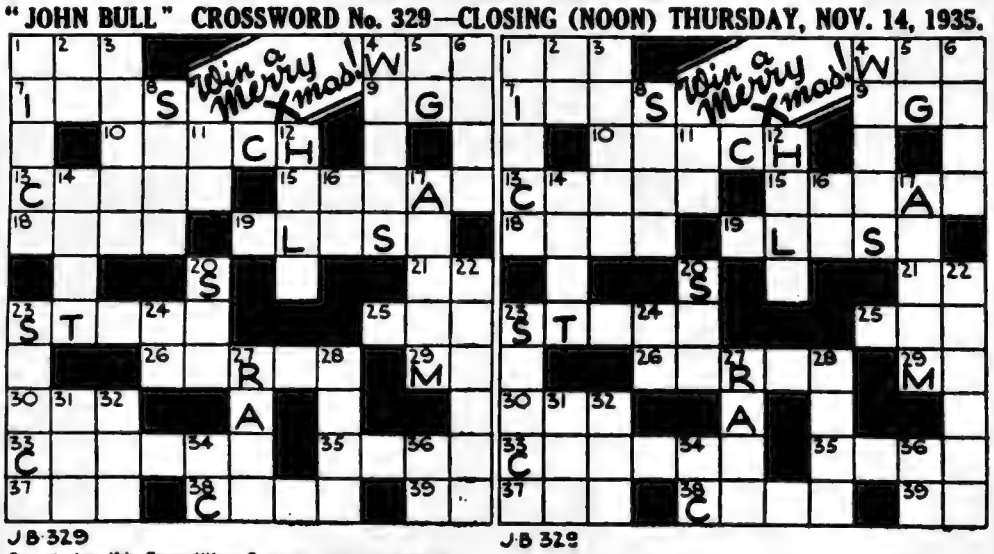
ADDRESS .....

.....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 329—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, NOV. 14, 1935.




JB 329

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose.

P.O. value..... No. .....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

**ADDRESS ENTRY** "John Bull" Crossword No. 329, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

**Free Help for X-word Entrants.**
Send Postcard for free copy of "John Bull's" Crossword Gazette. Address Gazette Dept., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2, or register for 6 weeks' supply on Coupon on "Bullets" page 47.

## Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 327.

Winners in Crossword No. 326 appear in page 20. Winners in Crossword No. 327 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" Crossword No. 327 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our Crossword Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims for prizes are required, as all entries are carefully examined by our staff.

### STUDY THESE CLUES

**ACROSS**

1. Is often accused of calling kettle black
4. She becomes Mrs. when she is this
7. Flower that some call flag
9. Three portions of sago
10. Not being able to find it in dark is exasperating
13. Crack, crevice or fissure
15. Don't exceed 30 in built-up ones
18. Garden is quickly watered with
19. Should be considered when designing school buildings
21. Scene's beginning in middle of rescue
23. It's awkward to handle large one
25. Be wary when you lend this
26. Rough road soon wears them out
29. Half mile that's in limit
30. Sinking vessel calls for
33. Police have power to stop these on road
35. Man's character is thus described
37. Baby barrel
38. Gives official something to do
39. Largest size in costumes

**DOWN**

1. Makes things look black
2. Core of cure
3. Modern ones produce brighter houses
4. Are dived into by holiday-makers
5. For instance, take both ends of earwig
6. Tramp looks out for daily
8. Where money goes in safety
11. Both ends of toast in butter
12. Raw recruit doesn't do this properly
14. Police help to find property which is this
16. Racket's beginning in fraud
17. Elephants and tea come from this Indian province
20. Red one at night is shepherd's delight
22. Are often a shock to whole country
23. Boxes of fish are often seen in one
24. Ends of carrot in factory
27. Not cautious
28. Is soon made in shoddy cloth
31. Anger in Ireland
32. Takes his bone on the mat
34. He's a King's Counsellor
36. Half look and means "Look!"

### READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE. For four squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it & Co.; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, November 14, 1935.

2.—In addition to two sixpenny entry forms from "John Bull" each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from "John Bull" plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette."

Should any letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered or not given in ink, the corresponding letter on adjoining Entry Square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry Squares. If entrant's solution cannot be so decided, Entry square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, November 28, 1935. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, December 10, 1935, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up prize of £100. Accordingly entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double searches establishing these winners is regarded as final. Errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest. Should First Prize be shared £850 cash will be paid instead of the three-in-one award.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

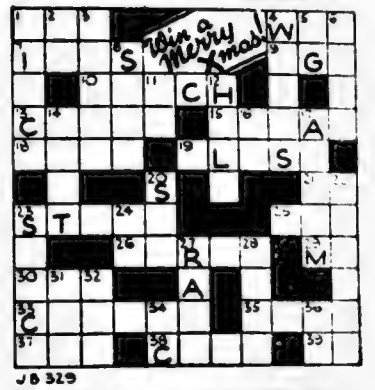
6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

JB 327

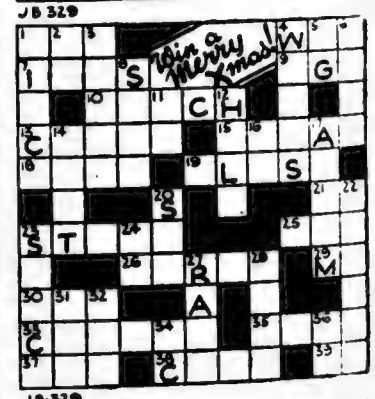
## KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW

These miniature reproductions of this week's puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.




JB 329

JB 329



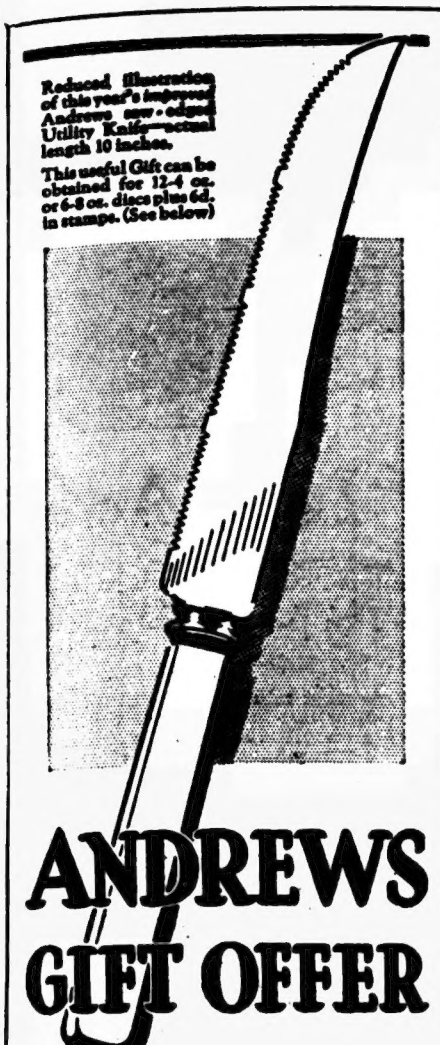

JB 329

JB 329

**NEWSAGENTS' PRIZE.** A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's First Prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared, the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

LOOK OUT FOR NEXT WEEK'S

STARTLING COMPETITION NEWS!



Reduced illustration of this year's improved Andrews saw-edged Utility Knife—actual length 10 inches.

This useful Gift can be obtained for 12-4 oz. or 6-8 oz. discs plus 6d. in stamps. (See below)

# ANDREWS GIFT OFFER

Many Andrews users have asked us to repeat the Utility Knife Gift of a few years ago. For this year, we have secured the *improved* Utility Knife illustrated above, at an appreciably increased cost. It is offered in exchange for paper Discs from Tins of Andrews Liver Salt *plus* 6d. *in stamps* towards covering the *extra cost.*

The Utility Knife is of British manufacture with a mirror finished Firth's Stainless Steel blade. Its ingenious saw-edge cuts new bread into *thin* slices as well as cake without crumbling, and icing sugar without cracking. It will also slice lemons, tomatoes, etc., and prepare grapefruit with the greatest ease. To obtain this useful gift send six 8-oz. or twelve 4-oz. Discs, with 6d. in stamps, to the address below.

**DIRECTIONS:**

Write your name and address (in ink, in BLOCK LETTERS) on a sheet of paper and pin to it the Discs and 6d. in stamps (stamps which are stuck down cannot be accepted) and post to:—

**Scott & Turner Ltd.,**
**Killingworth Place, Newcastle-on-Tyne.**

Despatch of the gifts will commence towards the end of December and will continue in strict rotation. All applications must be received not later than December 31st, 1935.

This scheme applies to Great Britain and Northern Ireland only.

**Andrews Liver Salt**

9D and 1/4

S19

## LEG TROUBLE
### A Free Offer.

★ A generous sample of a proved remedy for all leg troubles and kindred ailments is offered on the back cover. A special free booklet and copies of recent testimonials will also be sent to all sufferers who FILL IN THE COUPON on the BACK COVER. *Turn to this NOW—while you think of it!*

**If you are subject to attacks of Asthma or Bronchitis, or other painful Chest Troubles you should go to your Chemist at once and get a tin of**

**Keep Potter's in the home ready for use—you will then prevent attacks at night when relief is so necessary.**

*A.P.W. writes:—"I have been a sufferer from Asthma for 9 years and am finding great relief from Potter's Asthma Cure. It helps me to breathe more freely and is most soothing. I feel most grateful for the rest it enables me to get. I have no hesitation in recommending it to any fellow sufferer. I have no objection to this being published should you wish it."*

**OUTDOOR WORKERS** who suffer from Asthma or Bronchitis, and are obliged by their occupation to be outdoors in all weathers, especially fog, should smoke Potter's Asthma Cigarettes and Smoking Mixture for immediate soothing relief. Always carry a supply with you and thus avoid future attacks. Chemists and Stores everywhere sell them.

# POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE

**It gives you**

# INSTANT RELIEF

Don't hesitate, because the longer you allow Asthma to remain in your system the stronger hold it will have on you. **Potter's Asthma Cure gives immediate sweet and soothing relief** and sufferers tell us it actually makes existence possible and has given them ease and comfort such as they had long been strangers to. There is no medicine or tablets to be taken. Simply inhale the pleasant fumes of Potter's Asthma Cure and instantly that nightly gasping for breath and attacks of coughing cease as if by magic. There is no need for delay as **every chemist everywhere sells Potter's**—it is the one remedy that will give you the relief you need. If you are a sufferer from these distressing complaints, write for a copy of the interesting booklet "Are You Asthmatic?" which gives useful information as to treatment, as well as hints on health and diet.

**POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE**

No Asthma sufferer should ever be without a tin of this wonderful remedy in the home—attacks frequently come on without warning. It is also unequalled for Bronchitis, Catarrh, Chest Tightness, Hay Fever, Whooping Cough, Croup, Chronic Colds, etc. It contains no opiates or habit forming drugs and does not cause headache.

Potter's Asthma Cure is supplied by all chemists in full-sized tins at 1/6, or direct, post free 1/9, from Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60 Artillery Lane, London, E.1.

# LEXICON THE WONDER GAME

D I I I S P M E L F

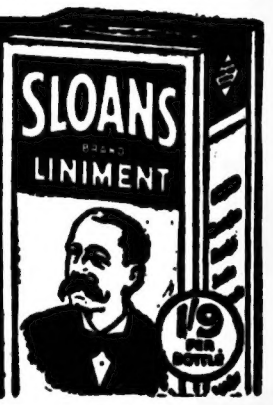
*Can you make a TEN-LETTER word from the above If so you should be able to win a prize in the..*

**£1,000 PRIZE COMPETITION 600 CASH PRIZES**

BUY A PACK TO-DAY 2 6 INCLUDING FREE ENTRY FORM FOR THE £1000 COMPETITION

# SCIATICA

Thousands of victims have found complete relief with Sloans. No rubbing. Sloans penetrates, relieves congestion and kills the pain. 1/9 per bottle at all Chemists and Stores.




# SLOANS

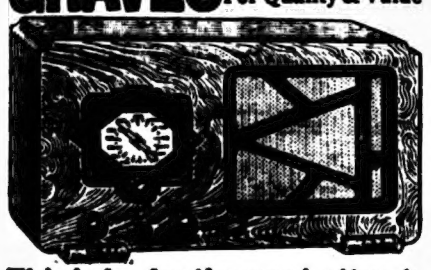
# MARVELLOUS DISCOVERY FOR WHITENING SKIN

## MADE BY CHEMIST'S LUCKY ACCIDENT

While experimenting in his laboratory, a Paris Chemist was startled at the amazing bleaching and softening effect produced when some "oxygen white" accidentally spilled over his hand. Rough skin scales and discolorations melted away, revealing fresh, new, clear skin of a fine white texture. When tested on the faces of a number of women, it made their skin from 3 to 5 shades whiter and gave an indescribable velvety softness like that of delicate, closely protected parts of the body.

By exclusive concession, this "oxygen white" is now contained in the new Crème Tokalon White Colour (non-greasy). It enters and purifies the skin, dissolves away every blackhead, tightens enlarged pores and gives a gorgeous transparent new complexion, never before obtained from any toilet or beauty product. Despite the inclusion of "oxygen white" in the new Crème Tokalon White Colour, there is no increase in price. Start using it to-day and note the quick results. Success guaranteed or money refunded.

# GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value



**This is by far the most attractive Wireless value ever offered. THE GRAVES 'VULCAN' SCREENED GRID SELF-CONTAINED BATTERY-DRIVEN 3-VALVE RECEIVER gives all you want in Radio, at a price and on Terms you can easily afford.**

It is a Set of great power and proved efficiency, simple in operation and dependable in results. Every component is the best of its class, including Iron-Cored Multi-Wire Coils, Double Circuit Tuning, Silver-plated Contact Switches, Full Vision Illuminated Dial, British Valves, 120-volt H.T. Battery, large capacity 2-volt plate type Accumulator, Permanent Magnet Moving Coil Loud Speaker of Nickel Aluminium type, All Steel Chassis. Tastefully designed Cabinet in two shades of Walnut: 18(x10x9). Everything complete, including Aerial and Earth Equipment—nothing else to buy. The whole outfit safely packed & Carriage Paid to destination. **£7.12.0**

**8/- NOW**

**Terms: 8/- now and 18 monthly payments of 8/-.**

**IT IS HIGHLY IMPORTANT** you should understand that nothing is added to the price for the convenience of easy payments. The price quoted is all you have to pay.

*Mr. J. W.M., Lower Gornal, writes:—'The Wireless Set is better than I expected. I have given it a good testing, and am more than pleased with results. I say it is more than you claim it to be.'*

*Mr. E. D. of Birmingham, writes:—'I am still using the Set you made for me exactly 10 years ago, and I assure you that reception is as good as ever. We have never had a real breakdown with it, and for 3 years I haven't had to examine it for any shortcomings.'*

*Mr. S. C. of Walsall, writes:—'I should like to testify to the excellent services your 'Vulcan' Set has given us since 1931, and it is still holding its own. No praise is too high for your goods, and I am always pleased to say, 'It's from Graves of Sheffield'.'*

*Mr. T. A. of Sunderland, writes:—'It is a splendid Set and worth every half-penny of the money. The results are magnificent, and people who have heard it voice the same opinion.'*

**WRITE FOR CATALOGUE** and full specification of this and other Sets for Batteries or Mains, including Super Sets.

**J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.**

# Will this BE FOR YOU?

Imagine the thrill of receiving a telegram like that! Yet that is frequently the happy experience of **Guide and Ideas** readers.

Week after week, the expert solutions and practical advice in **Guide and Ideas** are helping readers to win huge cash prizes in Crosswords, Bullets, Doublits, Nutshells, Roundabouts and other big contests.

Buy **Guide and Ideas** every Monday and determine to win your share of these big cash prizes.

Remember, too, **Guide and Ideas** contains a feast of stories, articles, and humorous sketches—features that interest all the family.

**£11,300 FOR A PENNY!**

Mr. Robert Hayes, of Middlesex, winner of this colossal sum in a Penny Football Pool, says: "The football forecasts in **Guide and Ideas**, particularly those of Billy Meredith, seem to be the best of all. None of the other papers appeals to me as much."

*Be Sure You Get*

# Guide & Ideas

FOR COMPETITORS

*EVERY MONDAY : - - - - PRICE 2d.*

# HIS SHIP Came Home via Long Acre!

WHEN the Royal Mail steamer *Hilary* reached Para, South America, on her way up the Amazon, a cable from JOHN BULL was awaiting one of her seamen.

It brought to this man, Mr. W. Richard, the wonderful news that a *Bullets* First Prize telegram had been sent to his home at 92, Hilberry Avenue, Liverpool. For his simple but forceful piece of potted philosophy, STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE—AND ENJOY BOTH! this "Bulleteer" had won in Competition No. 1,002 a £600 cheque, a fine Radio Set and the right to nominate a hospital to receive £100 radio equipment.

"My husband has been a sailor for nearly fifteen years," Mrs. Richard told me, writes a JOHN BULL representative who called with congratulations at the winner's home.

"He is away for about two months at a time and seldom has more than a week with his daughter and me.

"Even when he is at home," she continued with a smile, "he spends nearly all his time with *Bullets*—it's been his hobby for years. But until now his best has been a £1 prize."

In reply to JOHN BULL'S cable, Mr. Richard invited his wife to choose the hospital to receive the presentation of radio equipment.

"I've fixed on the Infirmary, Mill Road, Liverpool," Mrs. Richard informed me. "The doctors, sisters and nurses there saved my life some years ago and this is my chance to repay them."

Together we went along to the Infirmary for a chat with the Medical Superintendent. "We are very grateful to Mr. Richard and to JOHN BULL for his presentation," he assured me delightedly.

So when Able Seaman Richard returns from the Amazon on December 2 it will be to a Merry Christmas made certain by his £600 cheque, to the enjoyment of a luxurious Radio, and to the prospect of a happy visit to the Infirmary, there to accept the thanks of those whose lives are to be brightened by JOHN BULL'S radio presentation.

* * *

"The most valuable ally and friend any competitor can have is *Bullets Bulletin*" were amongst the first words of the Second Prize-winner, Mr. A. Canaway, 5, Lower Road, Hale, Cheshire. His reward of £50 and Radio came for his thoughtful and ingenious *Bullet*, TEACHING SONNY—AND "STUDYING" ME, MISSUS.

"The *Bulletin* has often saved me entering freak lines and other duds," he continued. "And I never miss a shot at the Judging Contest in the *Bulletin*, as this gives me a really good insight into the various efforts."

* * *

"I find that making *Bullets* is a definite mental tonic," declared Mr. R. J. Buckley, 12, Broadway, Broughton, Preston, who captured the Third Prize of £25 plus Radio for his neat effort, HELD UP—BY "SOMETHING ROTTEN," SLUMS.

"I apply the hints in *Bullets Bulletin*," he added, "use my common-sense and can always manage to get some sort of effort on any subject which comes into my mind."

* * *

In his cable from South America, Mr. Richard advised would-be winners to secure the free help of *Bullets Bulletin*. The Second Prize-winner echoed his words—and the Third pointed the same way to *Bullets* success.

When posting your entry for this week's novel big First Prize and 500 Christmas Feasts, will you not be wise to secure for yourself this practical aid by post each Thursday? Your *Bulletin* Reservation Coupon is waiting on opposite page.

## RESULT of COMPETITION No. 1,003

**First Prize, £650 Plus Radio and Extra Privilege as announced:**

**C. HOLLINS, 87, Middleton Road, King's Heath, Birmingham.**

Example: MIRAGE IN THE DESERT
Bullet: OF THEIR LONELINESS, FONT.

### SECOND PRIZE, £50 Plus Radio:

**H. SHERWOOD 43, Elsden Road, London, N.**
Example: Delicate Child
Bullet: Can Want—Cannon Wanted.

### THIRD PRIZE, £25 Plus Radio:

**G. PIKE, 6, South Street, Eastbourne.**
Example: "Goal!"
Bullet: Saturday's "Explosion" Providing "Safety-valve."

### £15 Plus Radio:

K. TONGUE, 40, Julia Avenue, Erdington, Birmingham.
First Kiss—I've "Bettered Aim" Since!

### £10 Plus Radio:

L. E. WEBB, 53, Shirley Road, Acocks Green, Birmingham
Bird In A Cage—Selecting Politician's "Fortune," Voter.

### 10 of £5 Plus Radio:

W. BILSBOROUGH, 67, Balmoral Terrace, York.
Gambling With Fate—Bridegroom, "Judging From Face."
W. R. DAVIS, "Hurstmyne," Harlow, Essex.
After Her—Police—She's Clever *Cook!*
(Entered on "Season Ticket" coupon.)
A. DICK, 75, Henry Street, Burton-on-Trent.
After Her—Abyssinian 'Meal," Italy "Hungrier"?
W. L. GEALL, 15 Litchfield Gardens, Willesden Green, N.W
Dry Bread—Delivered By "Butcher" Mars.
H. E. PATTEN, 32, Taylor Street, Regent Road, Salford, Lancs
Busy World—'Poppy, Sir?"—"Special! Italians—"
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)
W. A. PIKE, "Alwin" Manor Road, Thundersley, Essex.
Prosperity's Aeroplane—Solly's *Arose* "In Flames."
H. POLLARD, "Heatherlea," Grosvenor Road, South Shields.
Radio Next Door—*Comforting* Thought, On "Liner."
V. SAWBRIDGE, 6, Ellistown, Loddington Kettering.
Radio Next Door—Neighbours Also "Knocked Together."
Mrs. A. TURNER, 73, Norroy Road, Putney, S.W.
Dry Bread—Develops Improvident's "Wooden Teeth."
A. M. WARDELL, 200, Norwood, Beverley, Yorks.
Cheating—Death, Miner—Miner, Life!

### 10 of £2 10s. Plus Radio:

E. BAIN, Lyndhurst, Muirhead, Chryston, Glasgow.
Delicate Child—Millionaire's—Ploughman's "Little Horse."
Miss C. BLENCOWE, Hillside House, Thrupp, Stroud, Glos.
Mother's Reward—Sonny Behaving Without One.
W. BRYANT, 42, Eaton Avenue, Litherland, Liverpool.
After Her—Lecture, "Drink's" A *Blessing!*
W. H. DODD, 48 Legh Street, Eatherwood, Lancs.
After Her—So "He's There *First!*"
H. EDWARDS, 14 Hibbert Road, Ravenshead, Mansfield, Notts.
First Kiss—Last—Giles Forgot Straw!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)
Mrs. G. M. MACKINLAY, St. Cecilia, Wyvern Road, Hadley Wood, Barnet.
Office Job—Mechanic Declined—"Too Mechanical."
W. THOMSON, 1,494, Springburn Road, Glasgow.
Sonny's Penny—Banked, "Bribe's" Investment Orange.
R. WALMSLEY, 1, Westwood Road, Stretford, Lancs.
Sonny's Penny—'Shrinks" As Nose "Lengthened."
H. WINDLE, 165, Barden Lane, Burnley, Lancs.
Bird In A Cage—That's *Feeding* Blackmail, "Pigeon."
W. WYNNE, 42, Wrexham Road, Whitchurch, Salop.
Now He's Forty—Mother Thinks He'll Survive!

**A list of 25 £1 and 500 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."**

**ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.**

UNIQUE AND HUGE OFFER of CHRISTMAS FEASTS FOR "BULLETS" THIS WEEK ONLY
3 IN 1 FIRST PRIZE
£500 plus
BIG XMAS TREE
Loaded with suitable gifts for any Orphanage or Children's Ward named by the winner.
MILLIONAIRE'S £5 XMAS HAMPER
Containing 12 lb Turkey, 2 lb Sausages, 2 lb Glass Tongue, 2 lb Xmas Pudding, Jar of Mincemeat, Muscatels & Almonds, Cigarettes, Bottle of Port, Fruit Salad & Cream, 5 lb Iced Xmas Cake, Crystallized Fruits, Tin of Biscuits, Chocolates, Crackers, Box of Cigars, Bottle of Champagne TO ARRIVE JUST BEFORE DEC. 25
£50 PLUS £5 HAMPER
£25 PLUS £5 HAMPER
£20 PLUS £5 HAMPER
£15 PLUS £5 HAMPER
£10 PLUS £5 HAMPER
£9 PLUS £5 HAMPER
£8 PLUS £5 HAMPER
£7 PLUS £5 HAMPER
£6 PLUS £5 HAMPER
5 OF £5 PLUS £5 HAMPER
5 OF £2.10 PLUS £5 HAMPER
2,000 RED SEAL "TARGETS"
8,000 "TARGET" PRIZES
500 PLUMP SURREY XMAS FOWLS
Fine Extra Xmas Cheque
UNLIMITED £1 CASH XMAS BONUSES: Each entrant who registered for £1 Christmas Bonus in "Bullets" Birthday Offer No. 1005 will receive this extra payment with any one Christmas Hamper or Fowl won this week in accordance with conditions announced.
1006

# WIN YOUR MERRY XMAS WITH A BRIGHT "BULLET"

HUNDREDS of competitors secured fine Christmas Feasts in exchange for neat *Bullets* in 1934. This year, time permits only four Offers of *Bullets* Christmas Feasts to be made, so each list is swelled accordingly.

This week's *Bullets* attraction is an enormous prize-list bringing you no fewer than 520 opportunities to win a merry Christmas with a few simple words.

Following 20 substantial cheques, each with a Millionaire's £5 Christmas Hamper, comes a huge batch of 500 plump Surrey Fowls.

Even before the present month is over and Present Month begins, JOHN BULL'S Joy Wire on November 29 will be declaring some competitor the winner of £500 cash and it may well be you. To add to your satisfaction, you would, as chief winner be invited to nominate any orphanage or children's ward to receive a big Christmas tree from JOHN BULL. And to crown your success, you would be provided with a Christmas Hamper fit for a millionaire's home!

## HOW TO WIN

TO make a *Bullet*, read slowly through the *Examples* and make a note of all the ideas which come into your mind as you consider their possibilities. Now a *Bullet* must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words, neatly linked to that particular *Example*, so your next step is to compress your rough notes into finished efforts accordingly.

Suppose, for instance, you had noted down against the *Example* BREATHLESSLY, the crude jotting *Father Listens For Baby's First Cry, Later for Yells.* A few minutes' thought and you could readily produce from this the finished *Bullet*, BREATHLESSLY—DAD AWAITS "BABY'S CRY."

For further guidance, study the varying styles of the winning efforts on the previous page.

Then for your own efforts. Start on the *Examples* without delay, for you cannot win any of this week's 520 Christmas Feasts unless your entry is in the judges' hands by Saturday, November 16.

## USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

**ELECTION BATTLE**
**OVER ABYSSINIA**
**EUROPE'S SHIP**
**MAN TO FIGHT**
**BETTER HOUSE**
**CROSSES**
**HIS HEART**
**IN BABY'S WORLD**
**WITHOUT A BLUSH**
**LIKE ANIMALS**
**SINGING**
**COOL CUSTOMER**
**FAITHFUL FEW**
**WAGGING TONGUES**
**"RATS!"**
**WHEN FATHER WON**
**THOUSANDS OF POUNDS**
**SURPRISING CHANGE**
**GIDDY GOAT**
**AIM AT SUCCESS AND**
**PARTNERS IN CRIME**
**IN AN UGLY MOOD**
**WHAT WE'VE LOST**
**BREATHLESSLY**
**IN THE END**
**ALMOST EXTINCT**
**WHEN THE CAMERA CLICKED**
**HER PEARLS**
**WHERE SONNY SHINES**
**FAIR OFFER**
**SECOND TIME**
**RED HERRING**
**IN MEMORY'S ALBUM**
**PRAISE**
**WHEN IN ROME**
**WOMEN AND CHILDREN**

**EXAMPLE**
**BULLET**
**EXAMPLE**
**BULLET**

**(1,006)** P.O. No. .....
Closing SAT., Nov. 16.
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
**Signed** .....
**Address** .....

**EXAMPLE**
**BULLET**
**EXAMPLE**
**BULLET**

**(1,006)** P.O. No. .....
Closing SAT., Nov. 16.
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.
**Signed** .....
**Address** .....

**EXAMPLE**
**BULLET**
**EXAMPLE**
**BULLET**

**(1,006)** P.O. No. .....
Closing SAT., Nov. 16
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
**Signed** .....
**Address** .....

**EXAMPLE**
**BULLET**
**EXAMPLE**
**BULLET**

**(1,006)** P.O. No. .....
Closing SAT., Nov. 16.
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.
**Signed** .....
**Address** .....

**EXAMPLE**
**BULLET**
**EXAMPLE**
**BULLET**

**(1,006)** P.O. No. .....
Closing SAT., Nov. 16.
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d.
**Signed** .....
**Address** .....

**ACCEPT 48 FREE PAGES of help with "Bullets" and Crosswords! USE THIS COUPON**

## ENCLOSE THIS COUPON

**WITH YOUR "BULLETS" OR "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD**

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of "Bullets Bulletin" and Crossword Gazette: I have affixed 3d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

If not entering for Competition, post coupon direct to "Bulletin" Dept., 30, Bedford St., London, W.C.2

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

**If you wish to use Advertiser's coupon on back, you can apply for your free issues of "Bullets Bulletin" on plain paper.**

**READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.**

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter or dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

**ENTRY-FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co."**

**NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,006 usually purchase "John Bull."**

**Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,006, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)**

## Not a Drug, But a Vital Cell-Food.

# Elasto

REGISTERED

## For the Veins, Arteries and Heart

## A Good Circulation is the Real Basis of Health!

**NO ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the curative action of Elasto. Varicose veins cease to be troublesome and soon become normal, the heart becomes steady, the arteries supple, skin troubles clear up, old wounds become clean and healthy and commence to heal, swellings go down, inflammation and irritation are soothed, rheumatism is quickly relieved, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto.**

## Elasto Cures Through the Blood!

Elasto is something new to curative science, it dispenses entirely with the use of drugs; it is based on the knowledge that muscular weakness, varicose veins, bad leg, rheumatism, hardened arteries, heart weakness—to name but a few of the many ailments associated with bad circulation—*are deficiency diseases*; that in all such conditions there is a lack of certain *vital constituents of the blood.* Owing to this lack the body is unable to build up the elastic tissue needed to maintain the vein and artery walls and the membranes in a healthy condition and a state of flabbiness results. Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with albumin to form elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore contractility to the relaxed and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal circulation; *the real basis of sound health.*

## Elasto Will Save You Pounds!

Every sufferer should know of this wonderful Biological Remedy which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; stimulating the growth of new healthy tissue-cells to replace worn out and diseased tissues, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own laws of healing. Elasto is prepared in tiny tablets; *it dissolves instantly* on the tongue, and is absorbed directly into the blood stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood! *Elasto does not enter the stomach; it cures through the blood.* That explains why Elasto succeeds where ordinary treatments have failed. It also explains why Elasto gives results for a few shillings where formerly pounds have been spent to no purpose. For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantages of this modern scientific remedy which has cost thousands of pounds to perfect.

## Read What Users of Elasto say—

*"No sign of varicose veins now."*
*"All signs of phlebitis gone."*
*"I was suffering from mitral disease and dare not exert myself in any way, but now, thanks to Elasto, my heart is quite sound again."*
*"My Doctor highly praises Elasto."*
*"Now walk long distances with ease."*
*"Elasto has cured my bad legs."*
*"Elasto tones up the system and cures depression."*
*"As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."*
*"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."*
*"Rheumatoid arthritis gone. I have never felt better."*
*"Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me."*
*"The stinging sensations I used to get in my left arm and leg (arterio-sclerosis) are quite gone and my general health is much improved."*
*"Now free from piles."*
*"Suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me."*
*"Completely cured my varicose ulcers."*
*"I am now free from pain."*
*"My skin is as soft as velvet, thanks to Elasto." Etc.*

### ELASTO THE COMMON-SENSE REMEDY.

In all diseased conditions, no matter what the ailment may be, the blood stream is at fault, and no treatment can give lasting results if this all-important fact is overlooked. Keep the blood free-running, like a deep, fast-flowing river, enrich it with the necessary elements for cell-building and for the removal of toxic and acid waste materials, and health *must* result. This is precisely what Elasto is designed to do; it is actually what Elasto does, surely and effectively, by a method new to curative science. *No drugs; no adhesive bandages; Elasto Cures Through the Blood!*

## Take Elasto for:—

**Varicose Veins, Varicose Ulcers, Eczema, Psoriasis, Phlebitis, Thrombosis, Anæmia, Bad Circulation, Muscular Weakness, Heart Troubles, Swollen Legs, Inflamed Wounds, Gout, Rheumatism, Neuritis, and all these troubles generally known as bad leg. Piles, Prolapsus, Varicocele, Hardened Arteries (Arterio-Sclerosis), Arthritis, Sciatica, Lumbago and all relaxed conditions, no matter where they occur.**

## For All "John Bull" Readers

# FREE

## A Generous Sample of this Wonder Remedy

**SIMPLY fill in the Coupon below for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the New Biological Remedy. These, together with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it! Or send 5s. for a whole month's supply (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!!**

*This offer is too good to be missed!* ★

**The NEW ERA TREATMENT Co., Ltd.**
**(Dept. 15D), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.**

## Not Magic—Just Logic!

*ELASTO corrects all Circulatory Disorders, because it restores muscular tone to the Heart and contractility to Veins and Arteries, making them as healthy and as sound as ever. It is prepared in tiny tablets which dissolve instantly on the tongue and are absorbed directly into the blood stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood! Elasto is not a drug but a vital cell-food which MUST be present in the blood to ensure complete health. In the blood it becomes immediately active, stimulating the growth of new healthy tissue-cells to replace worn-out and disease-damaged tissues.*

***There are no Substitutes for Elasto! Beware of Imitations!***

## COUPON for Free Trial Sample of Elasto

**The Great Blood Revitaliser**

**THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO., Ltd.**
★ **(Dept. 15D), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.**

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet, "The Story of Elasto," fully explaining how Elasto, *The Great Blood Revitaliser*, cures through the blood.

NAME .....
(*Please Print in Capital Letters*).

ADDRESS .....

"John Bull," 9/11/35 .....

*Don't long for relief—get Elasto and be sure of it!*

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